

woroni

Volume 50, Edition 6, July 1998

WARNING: This issue contains sexually explicit material that may offend some readers. cool

Blue Stocking Week
Stalking
Celebrity Angst

A.F. REVIEW

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FINANCIAL REVIEW

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hello

Brendan's back... and this time it's personal. Really, really personal.

news

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Arts Cuts, protest rallies and NUS. Should we affiliate to the National Union of Students, do you care? Read the views of some prominent political hacks and make up your own mind – just don't forget to vote. Oh, and it's Blue Stocking Week too.

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letters

Virtually no one wrote anything this issue because it's the holidays. So the letters are quite dull. But there is a picture of the Spice Girls.

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No one volunteered to do race this issue so instead we have a witty fake advertisement. Don't blame us it's your fault for not getting involved

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Godzilla bites the dust, and You Am I gets 4 stars from a Senator. Then there's all the normal reviews and pics. Just who are those young smiling faces?

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What's On? Why it's Blue Stocking Week of course. Belly Dancing, workshops and heaps of fun – read all about it in the Blue Stocking Week Calendar of Events

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society

Due to Woroni's woeful budget we run an ad instead of society, but we do travel to "James Bond Island" (PS don't blame us blame the people who dish out our pitiful budget).

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The saga continues, and continues. We also interview a female academic.

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Rolando Fairview hates celebrities and their constant carping about how miserable their lives are. In this piece he tackles three noted exemplars of the cult of "Virtual Pain" and explains why it is they they have never deserved our sympathy.

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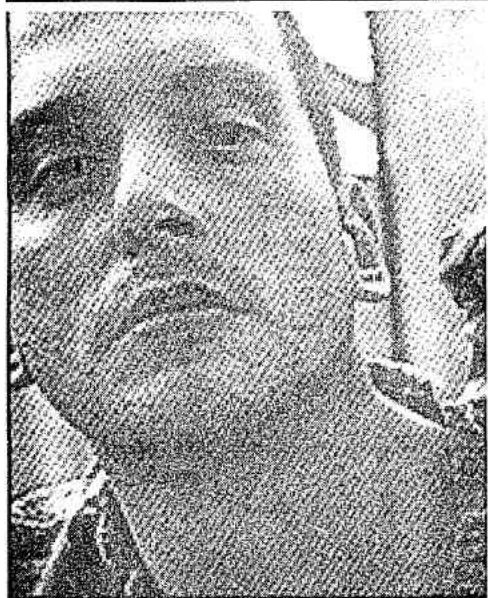
The Blue Stocking Week special is written this year by Katehrine Giles and Ben Halliday. In it they examine the topic of feminism in Academia in the context of the higher education cuts to the Arts Faculty.

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Have you seen this dismembered bear? In that case you may have been a victim of stalking in the ACT. Adele Glover looks at the legal and emotional ramifications of stalking in the context of society's tacit acceptance of sexist behaviour.

contents



(above) Christos in the throes of creation

woroni hates you

Poor little Christos Tsiolkas. Australia's favourite writer of mass pretension has been forced to move to Canberra and misses the cafe lifestyle he used to love in exotic Melbourne. What's this? Can the self-styled "grunge lit" maestro not conjure any insults beyond cliches that have danced across the National consciousness since Gough went to school here? What a surprise that the author of such a stunning piece of literary onanism as "Jump Cuts" could not manage anything beyond "bo fuckin' boring" it has so much more punch.

Darling Christos labours under the misapprehension that what he writes is shockingly immediate because he uses the word "fuck" rather a lot. Critics therefore have seen themselves lunging this way and that to describe his unique brand of paper wastage. One of my

personal favourites was the comparison to "the aesthetics of a used condom in a gutter". What these poor fools can't see is that Christos' muse holds in her hand nothing but a warm sperm latte wrapped in a crisp white paper napkin.

Welcome to Canberra Christos, the freezing cold suburbanite nightmare that is so existential your limp-penisised prose could never hope to capture its essence. The place so numbing, so bleakly nihilistic in its bland relentlessness that the likes of you are stripped bare, unable to cope with the lack of artificial support the talentless plug into and rely upon to fake their way through.

I'd tell you to go to hell, but you're already here.

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woroni

issue 6, volume 50
anu students' association
canberra, act, 0200
ph: 02 6248 7127
fax: 02 6249 3947
email: woroni@act.anu.edu.au

editor in chief:

Brendan "Warrior Princess" Shanahan
associate editors:
Roslyn Dundas, Michael Cook, Alice Rees,
Daniel Landon, and Vicki Cotton

art director:

Jason Richardson

consultants:

Katie Fraser

Peter Still

director of student publications:

Sarah Chidgey and Parissa Notares

photographers:

Jason Richardson, Michael Cook, Adele

Glover

cartoonist:

Craig Read

advertising manager:

Jasmine Lee

with help from Daniel Landon

contributors:

Katherine Giles, Ben Halliday, Jason Wood,
Andrew Barlett, Jonathan Tonge, Mark-Leon
Thorne, James Connor, Lucie O'Brien, Thom
Stipe, Felicity Mullens, Harry Greenwell, Kate
Harriden, Matt Schmidt, Barry Goodchild,
Sam Upritchard, Heidi Zwar, Arthur Gretton,
Andrew Taylor, Adele Glover, Vicki Cotton,
Easter Sunday, Michael Cook, Chris Davies,
Mark Whalan, Daniel Heard & Rolando
Fairview

DSP NOTE: For this edition, the 'censors' have insisted
upon nothing other than that the spelling errors be
corrected.

woroni is the official publication of the
australian national university
students' association
the opinions expressed in woroni are
not necessarily those of the editors,
students' association or woroni staff

Unless stated as all ages, photo id must be provided at all gigs. At all-ages gigs, no id, no alcohol. Enclosed footwear must be worn.

Welcome to My Nightmare...

By Brendan Shanahan

Do I care any more? In a way yes and in more ways no.

If the reader is having trouble at this point fathoming my predicament then imagine one of those standard episodes of the Twilight Zone in which people wake up in an alternative universe where everything that made sense has suddenly ceased to exist. You know the ones... Some guy gets up in the morning and instead of the usual Missis it's some strange woman lying beside him. He keeps telling that her that she's not his wife and she keeps on insisting that she is. He goes to work and it's all different but everyone recognises him. Then he sees his real wife crossing the street. Running up and hugging her he's dragged away by the police yelling "But Darling! Don't you recognise me? Tell them who I am... PLEASE!"

Well my friend welcome to the living nightmare that is the Students' Association. If you ever thought that people could be just allowed to be people then your complacency comes crashing to a surrealistic halt here. There is little that demonstrates the ideological alterna-dimension that these people live in than the bizarre spectacle of seeing no less than six individuals read the last edition and censor the stuff they didn't like. (Not just the six official one's mind you but sev-



(above) Let's all hope that next year's Students' Association is of higher quality than the inbreds it coughed up this time around.

eral other hanger-ons who though they too should be privileged in a similar manner)

Perhaps to better gauge the significance of this ideological garrotting I should relay a story that puts this turn of events into perspective. A journalist friend of mine once had a group visit his bureau from the People's Republic of China. The question that kept being repeated, and kept being explained to a disbelieving group of journalistic lackeys, was, "But who reads the paper before it goes to print". "Errr, no one" was the consistent reply. Then the cyclical question began once more to turn.

What these unfortunate victims of a repressive dictatorship could not comprehend was the fact that there was no party official in the office to read ev-

erything before it went to print in order to make sure that it was (literally) politically correct. But here now, at the ANU we have imported our very own bit of Communist China and you the reader should be bloody outraged.

Who's responsible for this outrage. Well you can put the blame almost entirely on one man: the man who was responsible for the formation of this ludicrous committee in the first place — Harry Greenwell. This human nerf-ball of boredom is the President of the Students' Association, but you probably didn't know that because you probably (justifiably) couldn't give a shit about student politics. But when you consider that a single man, an individual with all the personality of a cane coffee table, has deemed it fit

to take upon himself the responsibility of censoring this paper, then it would be more than merited for you to be outraged. An outrage compounded by the fact that the guy doing it is some geek with less character than a dried up bit of toast. Remember *he* is telling you what you can and cannot read.

In fact here is the central challenge of this little situation, and indeed the central delight. You see darling Harry and his cronies have found themselves in somewhat of a bind. What, for instance, would they be able to do if I was to make some especially nasty personal point about their private lives? It would, after all, not be racist sexist or homophobic; it might well be defamatory but it would look rather silly if someone attempted sue an editor after they had allowed the publication of the offending piece (See Head 2 Head for the good bits). Go on Harry, censor it. all, I fuckin' dare you to.

Things are beginning to look rather win/win for us wouldn't you say? Well they'll continue along this path until this ludicrous committee is put to a stop. So go fuck yourself Greenwell — you're messing with the wrong person.

Arts Faculty Approaches Apocalypse

by Michael Cook



It has become clear, over the past six tumultuous weeks, that the ANU Faculty of Arts is facing "almost inevitable destruction", according to students and staff fighting new plans to slash courses, tutors, and lecturers.

The Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Professor Paul Thom, announced the latest scheme to reduce the Faculty's annual \$800,000 internal debt at a hastily arranged press conference on June 9 - which was, coincidentally, one day before an ANU Students' Association Crisis Meeting. The plan includes voluntary staff reductions, the creation of a new fee-paying Languages Institute, and "some changes to course offerings". This, however, would not cover all of the debt, and Professor Thom said more "creative solutions" are required to cut a further \$300,000.

These 'creative' cuts will see the end of Russian before next year, due to "the serious decline in the number of students wishing to do the course". Asked if the "Languages Institute" is the first step towards privatisation of the University, the Dean firmly replied "No. The first step has already been taken by the Federal Government."

Protected from several bemused student onlookers by security guards, the Dean said how "pleased" he was that "we have been able to achieve this important step without having to resort to the level of redundancies which some had predicted". He would not reveal the actual number of redundancies, only saying that salary savings would come through "a combination of secondment, fractional appointments [turning full-time positions into part-time ones] and redundancy". Despite these ongoing cuts, Professor Thom believes "we will

stay in the top group of teaching and research Arts Faculties in this country."

Through his secretary, Professor Thom refused Woroni's request for an interview to answer several questions not addressed by the new restructuring plan. His secretary explained this was because the Dean "had said all he wanted to say to you [the media] on the issue".

ANU Students' Association President Harry Greenwell believes this latest plan to address the faculty's funding problems can only lower the standard of teaching. "Essentially, the same number of staff will go, just not through direct sackings. There will still be a reduced diversity of courses and continuing pressure on tutorial sizes" said the SA President.

"How is the Arts Faculty going to attract more students with fewer staff? This process is distressingly short-sighted."

The day after the Dean's announcement, a Crisis Meeting - attended by over 300 students and staff, and "invited guests" Pro Vice-Chancellor Chris Burgess and Professor Thom (with his two body-guards) - raised a number of important concerns over the economic and moral rationale behind the cuts, accounting procedures, and true student numbers.

The Dean announced that "our primary motivation is [still] academic excellence", and Mr Burgess dismissed student fears that they would be forced to attend other universities to complete their majors. This directly contradicts the Vice Chancellor Deane Terrell in his regular ANU Reporter column, published a week before the Crisis Meeting, in which he wrote, "Currently enrolled students will be able to complete majors in each of the departments affected by these decisions and arrange-

ments will be made with other universities to provide courses which may no longer be taught at the ANU."

After several questions, however, the meeting soon degenerated into farcical bickering between student political groups over the best way to question the Dean and Administration spokesman, whether they should be asked to leave, and if students should go off and occupy something. Mr Burgess could not completely hide his smirk as he left.

From the beginning of the academic year, Administration has attempted to force redundancies on Arts Faculty staff. Beginning at four, the number of "unnecessary" staff increased to up to 12 academic and five general staff by the end of May. The 12 academics would be picked from the 115 remaining faculty members - down from 132 three years ago.

Student groups and the National Tertiary Education Union called a general strike on May 29 to protest against these cuts, "peacefully protesting" at the Barry Drive campus entrance. They were not allowed to picket due to new federal Industrial Relations laws, enforced by several policemen monitoring the protest.

ANU Administration labelled any such industrial action on campus as counter-productive. "We believe that that's confrontationalist action," said Deputy Vice-Chancellor Professor David Green, "and that's not consistent with the consultations and with the cooperative approach that the university has pursued over quite a long time."

Organisers of the protests see it differently. They say they have to fight for the Arts Faculty before "Administration's ignorant and measly bean-counting destroys the ANU's greatest asset."



(Above) Professor Thom, Dean of the Arts Faculty, gets his 15 minutes of fame on Win Local News. (Below, from left to right) Police closely monitor the picket line; "We can't fund tutorials, but we can at least make the place look nice" - the AD Hope building undergoes a major upgrade; Professor Thom, at the Crisis Meeting, tells students where they can put their Arts degree.

photos: Michael Cook



Council protestors freeze their arses for an apathetic majority

Comment by Chris Davies

I have never seen a more pathetic, bedraggled assortment of protestors as the group that morning. There were only about 15 of them, with a few tired banners and a faulty megaphone, huddled outside the Chancery building early on a freezing Friday morning, picketing the monthly ANU Council Meeting to protest against Arts cuts.

They looked cold and pitiful. A few smelled bad. They probably didn't succeed in swaying one Councillor's vote. But at least they were there.

I only showed up because a flyer distributed two days earlier at the Crisis Meet-



ing promised violence. It stated that "the council meeting will not proceed - cops are no object." In the end, the pitiful attendance ruled out raiding council chambers - even the lone police car drove off in contempt, and the ANU security guards had a snigger at our expense.

In the end we resorted to chanting some socialist cliches just to keep warm.

I was disappointed - until I looked around and realised that despite being generally reviled by the student population, ignored by the media and brushed off by decision-makers, these assorted anarchists, socialists, and student politicians were still willing to stand there, in the cold, to fight

for the apathetic majority.

On my left was socialist and revolution-monger Ben Halliday lighting a cigarette; on the steps was SA General Secretary Jason Wood, arguing with Council members. SA Prez Harry Greenwell put in an appearance. Two Russian lecturers stood to one side and looked embarrassed. Some anarchists amused themselves by committing frivolous acts of vandalism.

A lot of people don't like socialists, anarchists, or student politicians. But at least they cared enough, and had the guts enough, to stand outside the Chancery even though they were humiliating themselves and freezing their arses off.



Nourished only by self-righteous fervour, protestors wait for the riots to begin

VC tells Asia: NUS vote We're not racist! coming soon

by Daniel Heard

Professor Dean Terrell, Vice-Chancellor of the ANU, has written to several Asian newspapers to officially reject racism and bigotry in tertiary institutions.

His letter was in response to the recent coverage of the One Nation party's success in the Queensland elections.

Professor Terrell said that racism, bigotry and xenophobia "have no place on any Australian campus".

"The policies and principles espoused by the One Nation Party are not acceptable to the vast majority of fair-minded Australians and are certainly not acceptable in Australia's tertiary institutions" Professor Terrell's letter stated.

The Asian economic crisis has made it extremely difficult to determine exactly what effect the rise of One Nation has had on foreign enrolments, Professor Terrell said. Regardless of the actual effect on enrolment, however, it was still very important the ANU be seen as a safe and tolerant environment.

"I'm committed to a view that a national university cannot exist without the chance for its students to interact with those from other cultures and backgrounds. If this opportunity were

to be lost, I feel the aims of an international institution such as the ANU would be thwarted."

There was, Professor Terrell said, a need for a strong rebuttal of One Nation's comments and policies.

"In many Asian societies, there is a perception that if a politician is allowed to speak out, they are doing so with the support of the government. The fact that the Australian government has done little in response to the statements of One Nation gives the appearance of condoning its policies, although the government has begun to recognise and act on this recently. Without a strong, official rebuttal of One Nation's policies, a false and damaging impression of Australia's general attitude could be formed."

Although it is unknown if the letter has been published in any of the newspapers that received it, there has been major media interest in the letter, especially amongst the broadcast media. Networks as diverse as Win, Prime, SBS and the BBC have contacted the university regarding the matter.

"I'd like to encourage more students to spend time in overseas educational institutions, and more foreign students to study at the Australian National University. Both the university and its students can only benefit from the experience" stated Professor Terrell.



VC: No racists at MY Uni!

by Chris Davies

It has been announced that the referendum to determine if the ANU will affiliate with the National Union of Students (NUS) will be held from August 3 to 6. And the campaign to sway the minds and votes of students has already begun by both those for and against affiliation.

Powerful and influential student politicians are lining up to say why NUS will help or hinder ANU students and their fight for quality education.

Students' Association President Harry Greenwell believes affiliation with NUS will benefit ANU students. "NUS has proven that it is an effective voice for students," the President said. "NUS stopped up-front fees going ahead at UWS and UTS. It has won numerous concessions from the Federal Government on Austudy and the Youth Allowance."

"The Liberals misrepresent NUS because they hate well-organised opposition."

Heidi Zwar, executive member of the ANU Liberal Club, is convinced affiliation would be "ludicrous". "The ANU is only a few kilometres from the seat of government. Why should we pay money to a group based in Melbourne to

represent us in Canberra? It doesn't make sense." Ms Zwar also questions the practical benefits of the ANU joining NUS. "This is primarily an issue of effective lobbying. The present government clearly ignores NUS lobbying, as the Union's reputation for factionalism, incompetence, and bad management precedes it."

SA General Secretary Jason Wood views NUS very differently. "Most of us believe in the necessity of national representation of students - even the Liberals, who oppose this affiliation," said Mr Wood. "The issue, then, is whether NUS is the organisation that effectively gives students this representation. The true record of NUS speaks for itself."

"NUS is effective. NUS is accountable (more so than our federal Parliament). NUS is our last, best hope! Our last best hope for the quality of our education and our defence of student rights."

Whoever is right, it appears certain students will again be drowned in a flood of pamphlets and propaganda up to and throughout the referendum. All currently-enrolled students are eligible to vote.

See page 9 for various views on NUS

in brief

Jabiluka

protestors jailed

The Northern Territory Government has strictly enforced the mandatory "one strike and you're in" laws against protestors - many of them university students - at the Jabiluka uranium mine site.

The Federal Labor opposition has condemned the mass arrests and imprisonments that are happening almost daily at the 'blockade camp' just outside the site. "Whilst the Labor Party never ever condones people breaking the law," Shadow Minister for Justice Senator Bolkus said, "it is ridiculous that people engaging in peaceful protests are facing 14 to 28 days in jail."

"The community is understandably outraged that the Jabiluka mine is going ahead," Senator Bolkus continued. "And locking people up for a minimum of 14 days for merely walking onto some land and chaining themselves to a bulldozer is draconian."

New polls have just been released showing 67% of Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane residents "strongly oppose" the mine going ahead.

Protest organisers hope to harness this opposition to create an effective and successful campaign against the mine. They are beginning a "defer Second Semester" drive at universities to encourage students to maintain the protest.

VC's Teaching Award

The annual Vice-Chancellors Award for Excellence in Teaching Committee is asking students to nominate a teacher who has made an important contribution to their university education.

Some previous winners of the award have managed to hold onto their insecure positions at the ANU only because they were an award-winner. So don't be apathetic - if your teacher's good, let the VC know! Nomination forms are available at the Chancellery.

Wik Shame

Protests have been held at the Prime Minister's Sydney Office and outside Parliament House throughout National Aboriginal and Islander Week (July 3 to 10) to shame the Government over its Wik Legislation. The legislation "provides certainty" to pastoralists by curtailing Native Title rights.

The Wik Bill passed after protracted negotiations with independent Senator Brian Harradine, who holds the balance of power in the Senate. Aboriginal and community leaders have labelled new laws 'discriminatory' and a blow to reconciliation.

Greens Senator Bob Brown has said "these courageous protesters have highlighted the injustice of the shameful Howard-Harradine Wik deal. It panders to One Nation's racist policies. The consequences will be felt for generations to come."

A number of speakers at Parliament House noted the crass ignorance of a government curtailing aboriginal rights in a week designed to recognise them.

ACT Govt. slashes ITA funding VSU scare

by Michael Cook

In its annual budget the ACT Government has slashed \$1.6 million from the ANU Institute of the Arts (ITA). This cut, to take place over two years, represents 15% of the Institute's funding and is the entire ACT contribution to the school.

The teachers and students at ITA - which includes the Canberra School of Art and Canberra School of Music - believe this cut will substantially reduce both the ability of the Institute to foster artistic excellence, and enrich the general community.

Professor David Williams, Director of the Canberra School of Art, agrees that not only the students and staff will suffer. "The Institute has become an integral element of the ACT community by always sharing the talents and skills of those associated with ITA. This has been done through concerts, school visits, resident musicians, and other important and valued programs," the Director said.

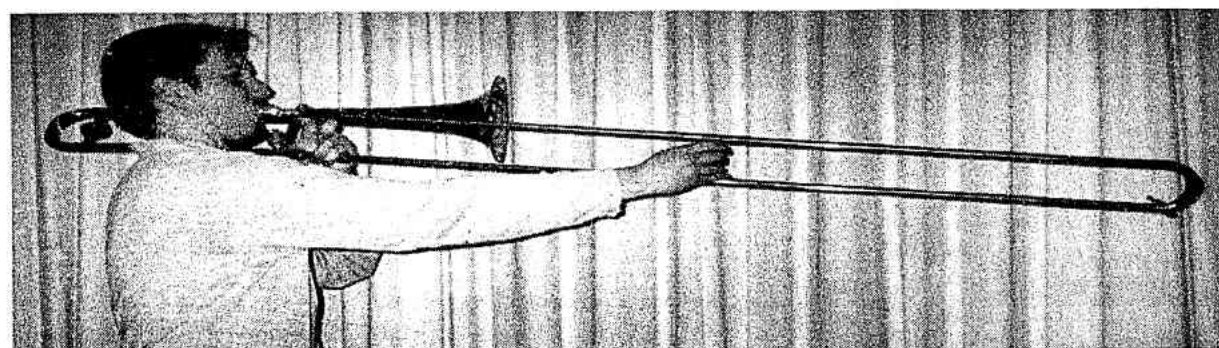
"Due to this cut, there will unfor-

tunately have to be less community programs offered by both Schools."

Organisations like the Canberra Youth Orchestra, which rely heavily on ITA support, will be severely disadvantaged. Staff at ITA were informed of the funding cut on June 27 in a letter from the Directors of the two Schools. It said in part that "It does not need pointing out that this is a very serious situation for the institute and indeed for the cultural life of the ACT." Professor Williams said that in the past ACT funding has given ITA "the edge" over other art and music schools. This has, in turn, attracted an extremely high level of students and staff, forming a reputation for excellence and helping to create a "cultural richness" in Canberra. The Director warned that to cut funding, just as the long-term benefits are becoming apparent, is "to risk slumping back into the 'old Canberra' of isolated, lifeless monuments to culture, rather than culture itself." However, Professor Williams - who with ANU Vice-Chancellor Deane

Terrell has held meetings with the ACT Chief Minister's Department - remains positive that some good can be salvaged from the sudden and unexpected cuts. Discussions with the Government are "still in progress", and while it is obvious that the block grant will be discontinued, "the opportunity is now open to approach various government bodies" to receive funding for specific projects. These projects could include performances for tourists, and providing specialist teachers in schools. Professor Williams conceded this would not recover the entire shortfall, but could partially compensate for the loss. Chief Minister Kate Carnell, who wasn't game enough to announce the cut in her Budget speech, later defended her actions. She labelled as "a silly situation" the fact that the ACT is funding an "unaccountable" Federal Institution.

Such cuts, however, will not harm the federal Government, but the students and staff of ITA, and the people of Canberra.



An unidentified musician "rasberries" Chief Minister Kate Carnell

photo: Michael Cook

Campus View

In this feminist-enriched, politically charged issue we thought we'd ask all the right questions:

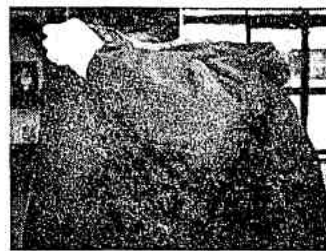
- 1) What does Blue Stocking Week mean for you?
- 2) Should the ANU affiliate with NUS?
- 3) Who do you think is the most stalkable celebrity?

Valentina
3rd Year Science
1) A demonstration of solidarity of women on campus
2) The ANU should stand on its own two feet.
3) Sharon Stone



Kate Harriden
Womens' Officer
1) Women Women Women Go Get'em!
2) Yes
3) Not that stalking is OK, but if it were
Brendan Shanahan

Ameliano
2nd Year Economics
1) Symbolic for the academic empowerment of women
2) I know some NUS supporters - so NO!
3) Natasha Stott-Despoja



President's Report

In case you thought we had a break over the holidays, here's what we've been keeping busy with...

Cuts to the Institute of the Arts (ITA) Although it wasn't announced in the Budget, Kate Carnell has decided that the ACT's grant to ITA (totalling \$1.6 million) will be phased out over 2 years. Carnell did not consult with the University. She did not even give the Uni advance warning, so that it could work out how it was going to deal with another 15% funding cut (remember, the Federal Liberal Government did something similar in 1996).

Basically, the ANUs been completely done over. Carnell has stated that: she hadn't realised that a grant was given to the ANU (despite the fact that she's been treasurer for several years and appoints representatives to ANU Council); she didn't see why the ACT should be funding a Commonwealth-funded University (despite the fact that the ACT and ANU had previously had extensive negotiations which acknowledged that the Institute makes a substantial contribution to the ACT arts community, and should be funded accordingly); she thought that jobs were more important than the arts (despite the fact that over 90% of the Institute's budget is in salaries, so this cut will mean we lose jobs AND the arts).

The ACT Legislative Assembly begins its budget sitting on August 25th. Come along with us and give Kate the finger.

The new Youth Allowance (which came into place on July 1st) has some advantages for students.

If you're working part-time, you may now be eligible for independent Austudy (you have to earn over \$13,767 or work 30 hours per week for 18 months or work 15 hours per week for 24 months).

If you have to live away from home, you should be eligible for rent assistance.

If you're not sure about whether you're eligible (or Centrelink has stuffed up your application because they're understaffed), come and see our friendly (non-political) Welfare Officer, Bronwyn Evans, who can

give you all the info you need.

Despite these plusses, there are some serious problems with the Youth Allowance. The main one is that the Government took a whole chunk of money out of Austudy in 1996 (something like \$200 million per year) and now it's given a small proportion back. There are also some fairly hefty issues about unemployment benefits for young people as a large number of 16-17 year olds, in particular, will not receive such benefits. There are numerous problems with this. The important implication for the education system is that people who don't want to study are now being given an incentive to do so (because then they'll qualify for Youth Allowance). Trying to teach people who don't want to be there is rarely effective, but it does reduce the youth unemployment figures. Let's see how the statistics are looking in the next 6 to 12 months...

Closure of the Australian Youth Policy and Action Coalition: about a month ago, the Dr. Kemp announced that funding for AYPAC was going to be withdrawn and that AYPAC was going to be replaced with a biannual 'Youth Roundtable'. The Roundtable will include 50 youth representatives appointed by the Government. I'm in a pretty cynical mood at the moment so I'm inclined to interpret this as another example of the Government stifling vocal opponents.

AYPAC's membership covers a broad cross-section of youth groups. It is in a unique position to coordinate activities, improve communications and speak on behalf of these various youth groups. Most recently, it was active in highlighting the regressive affects of the Youth Allowance on unemployed youth. It doesn't require much cynicism to conclude that the closure of AYPAC is just another example of the Government seeking to weaken its critics.

What is particularly unfortunate about the Government's decision is that in its eagerness to stifle informed criticism of its policy it will be closing down an organisation which provided many other valuable services as well.

women's department

Greetings Warrior Princesses

Hope everyone has had a great holiday and feeling refreshed for the semester just beginning. And what better way to begin than with a celebration of women in education. Yep - Blue Stocking Week is here once again. July 27th - 31st.

But before a glimpse at what we've got planned, a brief run down of why have Blue Stocking Week seems appropriate. The term itself comes from the dress of 18 century intellectuals, who were, (un)surprisingly, all men. They wore blue stockings to school. When women began demanding the right to enter higher education, the term 'Blue Stocking' was used to make fun of women, seen to be masquerading as intellectuals (ie men).

The term has now been appropriated to be used as a focus to celebrate women's achievements and challenges to the barriers still obstructing our place in the education system. It is a time to acknowledge

the diversity of women in education, and those groups still marginalised; a time for solidarity, from collective action and activities; a time for activism, to honour those who struggled for our place and to ensure to place for women to come.

Some activities we've planned: On Monday "Eve Was Framed" a night of women's performance, song and spoken word, and start of self-defence course 'Clued up and Confident'. An open microphone women wanting to contribute. Tuesday Start of another belly dancing course. Thursday Dance party and the start of a 2nd belly dancing course Friday Financial seminar and afternoon tea.

Also debates, food, samples bags and more. More information can be found on the calendar in this edition of W6roni. Or ring Kate on 6279 5814 or email wolkeeng@hotmail.com. Looking forward to seeing you at one or all of these events. Kate

Referendum for affiliation to the National Union of Students

I've written a separate article about this, so I won't take up too much space here. Please try to find out what this issue is about. Regardless of which way you vote, this question is a very important one for ANU students. People queued for days in the rain to vote in South Africa. All you have to do is wait until someone hassles you with a how-to-vote card. Please — get informed and have your say.

As for my position on the referendum, I will be devoting a considerable amount of time to campaigning for a YES vote in this referendum because I believe that: students need a peak lobby group if they are to be properly represented; the Coalition Government has made national representation even more imperative than it has always been; NUS has a proven record of success on numerous issues they've campaigned on (including HECS changes, amendments to Austudy and the Youth Allowance, opposing up-front fees and ancillary charges); NUS has improved its accounting and electoral procedures to make it a more effective and efficient body (for example, it now has its State branches audited, as well as the National Office); and most of the opposition to NUS stems from Liberals who dislike the fact that all student organisations are vocal in their condemnation of Government policy that disadvantages students.

Obviously I'm not impartial but if you want more information, please get in touch.

sexuality dept.

The NUS Cross-Campus Sexuality Network held its annual conference 'TalkFest' in Coffs Harbour in May this year. Several important issues were discussed at the conference, such as the impact Voluntary Student Unionism will have on Queer Collectives at all universities. While some SA's continue to refuse funding for Sexuality Departments, or Queer Collectives, those that do currently fund them might no longer exist. This means that important services may no longer exist.

Another issue on the agenda was the new Youth Allowance. Under the new rules, it will be even harder for queers to obtain youth allowance for being thrown out of home because they came out to their parents. Youth Allowance also fails to recognise same-sex defacto relationships, resulting in many queers not qualifying for the independent rate.

If you would like to get involved in the NUS Cross-Campus Sexuality Network, why not join the mailing list? Simply send an e-mail to 'majordomo@queer.org.au', and in the body of the message, write 'subscribe ccsnsw'. This will sign you up to a free mailing list, and you can join in discussions.

Second semester is gearing up to be a busy one for the SexDept. Blue Stocking Week is upon us, Sex & Health Week is coming closer and closer, and the campaign ideas keep rolling in.

For up-to-date information about the SexDept, just check our homepage at: http://student.anu.edu.au/Dept/Sexuality_Dept. Matt



HAVEN'T BEEN THERE,
HAVEN'T DONE THAT?

WHY NOT CONSIDER THE ANU
INTERNATIONAL STUDENT EXCHANGE PROGRAM?

The International Education Office is calling for applications from students interested in study overseas on exchange from 2nd semester 1999. The ANU has student exchange agreements with universities in Asia, Europe, North America and England.

- It is possible to have your study overseas credited towards your ANU degree
- No tuition fees are payable on exchange - you do still pay GSF and HECS
- You may be eligible for Youth Allowance for the period you are away
- Participating students should be enrolled for an ANU degree, should have a credit average or better, and should be prepared to cover the cost of travel and accommodation whilst overseas
- Students enrolled in a European language major, interested in an exchange to Europe, should also contact the Department of Modern European Languages
- Some financial assistance may be available

Interested applicants should make an appointment to discuss their interests with the Exchanges Officer, Priscilla Wadham, in the International Education Office, Ground Floor, Chancery Annex. Interviews for nomination for exchanges from 2nd semester 1999 will be held during September 1998.

For further information please contact:

Priscilla Wadham
Telephone: (02) 6249 4643

Opinion

Various Views on NUS

The SA President...

The National Union of Students was founded in 1987. It comprises a National Office and six State branches. The six National Office bearers (President, General Secretary, and Education, Welfare & Small/Regional, Women's and Environment Officers) are elected at the National Conference, held in December each year. Delegates to National Conference are elected from all member campuses. The number of delegates is proportional to the size of the campus and the voting system is proportional representation (similar to the system used in the Senate and the Legislative Assembly).

The National Conference also approves the budget for the following year. Presently, NUS membership fees are calculated as \$4.80 per equivalent full-time student units - EFTSUs (ie part-time students only count for a percentage of \$4.80). The total fee income that NUS expects for this year is slightly under \$1.5 million, according to its 1998 budget. This year, the ANU's projected enrolment is 6032 EFTSUs (according to the 1998-2000 Budget, approved by ANU Council in May). Consequently, ANU's annual affiliation fee, if we affiliate, will be about \$28,954. However, the General Services Fee (GSF) will not rise and services provided by the Students' Association will not be reduced because the University has a GSF contingency fund, created largely to insure against under-enrolments, but also available for costs like NUS affiliation. Essentially, if we don't spend the money on national representation, the money (raised from student fees) will sit in the University's accounts doing nothing.

The NUS accounts are audited annually, as are the State branch accounts. Throughout the year, NUS' expenditure and policy is reviewed by the National

Executive (which comprises 18 representatives, also elected at National Conference). If a quarterly financial report to National Executive is not accepted, funding for the next quarter can be withheld. Over a third of NUS funds (38%, to be precise) are divided up between the State branches. Their structures are similar to the National Office, however, they spend the bulk of their time lobbying university administrators and State Governments, rather than the Federal Government.

So why support NUS?

NUS has been surprisingly successful for an organisation in such a weak lobbying position.

Of course, NUS hasn't been able to convince the Liberal Government that it's a bad idea effectively to cut 15% from the higher education budget. However, they did convince the Senate to oppose Coalition proposals to create a category of "At-home Austudy" which would have reduced benefits by \$90 per fortnight. They also convinced the Boards at University of Technology, Sydney and University of Western Sydney that they should reject up-front fees (in fact, it was unanimous at UWS). They convinced University of Macquarie not to introduce a \$50 'IT fee' earlier this year and they convinced University of Tasmania not to remove stuvac from the timetable. They convinced the Labor Government not to increase HECS for double degrees and they were successful in having Austudy extended to 6 months beyond the minimum length of the degree. They've campaigned for years to have rent assistance available for Austudy recipients, and that has been (mostly) achieved with the introduction of the Youth Allowance. They launched a vociferous campaign against the 1996 budget cuts and, along with other higher

education lobbyists, succeeded in garnering strong community support. (In November 1997, an AC Nielson-McNair poll stated 65% of the electorate believed Australia should be spending more on higher education, and 85% believed the Government should provide additional funding.) The budget was only passed because of Colston's vote.

If you want an effective representative body, NUS is hard to beat.

ANU students will benefit from having national support. NUS has research officers and resources that would greatly assist the Students' Association make informed representations on behalf of students and would greatly assist student campaigns convey their message. The issue of up-front fees is a case in point. The ANU is currently considering introducing up-front fees (if you don't believe me, see the Budget 1998-2000, p.4 or the Strategic Issues Paper, p.20 — both are on the Web). There is no way the Students' Association in isolation could mount a campaign of the same intensity at the one that was so successful at the University of Western Sydney in May this year.

ANU students deserve to have a say in how NUS is run. Almost all campuses are affiliated so NUS is the recognised representative body for tertiary students. If ANU does not affiliate, we will continue to lack any input into what NUS says students' behalf.

The Liberals oppose NUS. This isn't a knock-down argument, but I reckon that if the Liberals oppose something, there must be something good about it. Perhaps it's the fact that NUS has been so effective in pointing out how ill-conceived the Government's higher education policy is.

—Harry Greenwell

The Socialist...

Students will be voting in the upcoming referendum on joining the National Union of Students. It should be very clear by now who are for NUS and who is against it. There are two central arguments about why ANU students should vote 'Yes'. The first is about students having effective organisation to defend our common interests and the second reason is that a majority 'Yes' vote will send a very loud and clear message to the Federal Liberal government of students disgust with their higher education policies.

As students we need to be organised to defend our basic rights and conditions. The ANU Students Association (ANU SA) carries out some of this role, as well as student services such as loans and referral advice. The problem we face is that the ANU SA is unable to carry out the one specific task of defending our quality of education all year round against Government attacks and ANU management's vandalism. We need a student union that is able to do this all year and is linked to a national network of student unions that can organise and co-ordinate united national campaigns in defense of our rights and conditions. By joining NUS we will have the ability to build the most effective fights against our administration and the Liberal government.

ANU students would be able to democratically elect representatives to NUS. We would have input in the run-

ning of national campaigns and have access to greater resources for defending our quality of education at ANU. By being in NUS we would have greater ability to defend our conditions all year round. Rather than have to concede to the pressures of exams and the semester breaks. ANU students will pay nothing for being in NUS because the Students Association will be expropriating money from a slush fund, which would otherwise be making the VC money in interest.

By voting 'Yes' ANU students will send Howard message that we not happy with what the government has done to education. The Liberals on campus will say a lot of things about NUS but how can anyone believe a party of liars? Remember course cuts at ANU? Have the Liberals ever defended an accessible and high quality education? No! Have the Federal Liberals kept any of their promises on Higher Education, Nursing home fees, union rights, the GST and aboriginal rights? How can anyone trust the Liberals to tell the truth about NUS, when they lie about so much else?

NUS represents over 500,000 students. Size does matter, free national representation will make it easier to defend our education at ANU and send Howard a message.

The author, Ben Halliday, is the Education Department Liaison Officer and a member of the Socialist Worker Student Club.

The Liberal...

The National Union of Students is struggling for survival. This year has been a particularly bad one for the Union - first they were nearly deregistered because since inception in 1989 they have failed to submit any financial records to the government. Then there was the threat of criminal charges from the Attorney-General, and the revelation that only a chance bureaucratic error stood between NUS's existence and the confiscation of their millions of dollars of assets. Finally came the news that the National Union of Students has failed to pay any payroll tax to the Victorian Government, and is now in debt of more than \$40,000.

Another \$40,000 would sure come in handy for the Union. And where will that money come from? Well the ANU is an obvious target. The only one of the big eight Universities that is not affiliated to NUS, they figure that the ANU is ripe for the picking. And where will our money go? Straight to the Victorian Government to pay NUS's tax bill.

And the Democrat...

We are committed to the notion of national representation of students to promote and defend students' rights. This is particularly important in our current time of ever increasing government attacks on our education.

We strongly support holding a referendum on NUS to allow current ANU students to have their say and make their own decision, rather than being told by the Liberals that students from

The Anarchists...

We, the Anarchist Peoples' and Students' Movement (APSM), oppose ANU affiliation with the NUS. Anarchy is not merely about fighting for personal rights, or the rights of specific sectors of the community. Rather, anarchism is the democratic version of socialism which will soon create a society where the corrupting burdens of government, state, capitalism and all other forms of social domination of the individual are destroyed.

In its place, the coming world-wide anarchist society will be based on the conceptions of mutual aid and compassion.

We agree that Howard's evil tyranny must be opposed, but to fight him within the current social system guarantees his victory! To 'lobby', peacefully demonstrate in a 'socially acceptable' manner, to send letters, can only increase the Evil One's power over us all.

Sure we might win a few token battles - but only the stuff that they're willing to give us back to keep us pacified.

NUS works within the present system. Some say this is the only way to achieve success. We say it is the best way to ensure ultimate failure.

Instead, students and the general community need to rally together, commit acts of civil disobedience, and act together not as a hierarchical union but as a community of like-minded individuals fighting for what we all know is the best for us. Vote "No" to NUS - and kick down the voting booth while you're at it.

Please note: the APSM is not linked to the pseudo-anarchists in the publicity-conscious ANU Anarchist Collective. Any 'anarchist' that goes to and votes in the ANU Students' AGM is a hypocrite. The only reason we'd go to such a meeting is to throw a bomb.

—Heidi Zwar

three years ago decided for us.

Further, students are urged to make an informed choice considering the arguments and not the outrageous and misleading propaganda presented by the campus lackeys of Howard, Kemp, and Costello.

NUS is recognised as the national voice for students. Think carefully... cut through the propaganda... and make your vote count!

—Jason Wood

Opinion

Head 2 Head

There's the word 'butt'. And then there's the word 'fuck'. Two perfectly innocent, innocuous words. But when you put them together, you create a word that is arguably discriminatory, homophobic, and censorable — as it was in the last issue of *Woroni* when co-editor-in-chief Brendan Shanahan labelled student politics as a "Stalinist b#%?f\$!k". Brendan, and one of the people who made the decision to remove it, Students' Association President Harry Greenwell, go Head to Head to sort this out — and I wouldn't be surprised if some of this gets censored as well.

Brendan's view...

You don't know this, because you never got to read it (as we all know you're a stupid cipher who absorbs and believes everything they read) but the word "buttfuck" was censored in the last edition of this beloved paper. Apart from sending me into paroxysms of laughter, alternating from disgust to a kind of existential hysteria in the face of nothingness, it betrays the ludicrously hypocritical philosophies that are at the political Heart of Darkness of this Students' Association.

What possible reason could one have for banning the use of such a punchy, evocative word as 'buttfuck'? What justification could ever be presented for banning a term as denotive as "Stalinist buttfuck"? Moreover what possible argument could be presented for destroying a word; nought but a string of letters, micrograms of ink on a page? Well, according a high ranking student politician the entire rationale behind doing this is because the word "buttfuck" "refers to homosexual sex in a derogatory manner." These words of stupifying ridiculousness were spoken to me by the same student politician who saw it fit to order us to remove the offending string of characters, (I'm not mentioning any names or apportioning blame but let me just say that this politician is the President of Students' Association and his first name is Harry and his last is Greenwell).

Now outside, in the real world, if I am to tell anyone what was told to me by our supremely moronic mamma's boy President then the general reaction is not unlike being told that Jacki Collins has just won the Nobel Prize for literature — disbelief followed by laughter followed by disbelief. But no siree Bob, welcome to the world of the student politician: an alternate universe, like a Surrealist painting. Except in this painting rather than melted watches, lobsters and pipes the student politician sees their Freudian equivalent: everywhere he looks he sees penis, vagina's and hurt feelings. Unfortunately for him his complete lack of life experience has meant that he has known very little of this at first hand and thus is afraid of acknowledging that human existence carries on outside of his own little theory-inspired world.

The greatest irony of all this however that there's only one of us in this debate who's riding the Cadbury's coloured cum collector and it ain't you white boy. That's right, the pious Harry had the audacity to tell a fee-payin' faggot what he could and couldn't write in the department of back door shenanigans. (Well I guess when the only chick you can pull is your cousin then becoming a butt-boy might be your last option)

But what of his motivation, his desire not to offend gay boys by allowing something to imply that being rooted up the arse may well constitute a power relationship? (who would have thought...) A relationship that the Tojo of Triviality — Harry G — presumably offers a world of knowledge on. This is the point when the student politician begins to really, really anger me. Welcome kids to the world of "Selective Morality". In this magical land you can care about the things that may immediately affect your popularity with others but completely ignore those that don't sue you or yell at you in your office. After the incident where Helen Razer attempted to sue me for hurting her feelings Harry came in and had the nerve to give me a little lecture on her pain. On the same page of that issue was a little piece basically making fun of the fact that a member of Milli Vannilli had died. Now apparently our darling Harry has the ability to feel the crisis of a woman who lives in Canberra and threatened to sue (me personally, I might add), but is entirely incapable of feeling the pain of mama Palatius in far off Germany. Once again, on the same page that "buttfuck" appeared, there featured a photograph of an unfortunate Mexican who had had his face so severely beaten in that he resembled a Cabbage Patch doll. Harry was once again unable to feel the pain of that man's family: possibly because they'll never find out. Go to hell you hypocrite. Your "morality" has about as much weight as a copy of Dianetics.

The fact is that Harry and all those like him believe in NOTHING. They have no convictions, no aims, no courage and, as a result, they will be doomed to a life of mediocre wishy washy "let's make the world a better place" blandness. When Harry complains to me that I hurt people's feelings what he really means is that he can't cope with someone who refuses to tow a line on how the world *should* be and instead acknowledges it as it is.

I used to care about *Woroni*, but now that I see that the SA views it as nothing more than their mouth-piece for their singularly uninspiring vision I'm forced to wonder to what degree I do anymore.

Harry's view...

I've tried writing several responses to Brendan's diatribe in the last edition of *Woroni* and I've encountered two major problems: first, I don't share Brendan's talent for venom and vitriol; and second, it's difficult to give a considered response to polemics. Nevertheless, I'm going to give the latter a try.

The first question behind Brendan's rant was to ask why the Students' Association has interfered with the publication of *Woroni*. I'll give you three reasons. Because we have to, according to the Constitution (and we always have, it just hasn't been such a big issue since 1993). Because we had two lawyers write to us threatening defamation, one of which has since been settled to the tune of thousands of dollars. And because *Woroni* was publishing material that was not only offensive,

but (arguably) discriminatory as well.

The Students' Association pays \$28,000 for the production of *Woroni* and it is our official publication, so it is not unreasonable for the Students' Association to be concerned about *Woroni*'s content. At the same time, *Woroni* is meant to be largely autonomous of the rest of the Students' Association which is why, at the end of the day, we are powerless to change *Woroni*'s editorial direction. (And indeed,

Woroni has continued to write mindlessly offensive vitriole despite numerous complaints, so it certainly has independence, if not maturity).

The only power that the Students' Association has is to remove material that is defamatory or discriminatory (ie sexist, racist or homophobic). Usually these provisions are just a formality, but Editors like Brendan make them necessary. The Constitution allows for the appointment of 'Directors of Student Publications' (DSPs, or censors, according to Brendan) to review *Woroni* for discriminatory and defamatory material. The DSP procedure was changed mid-way through this year and it was this that excited Brendan's ire. Did we do this because we yearned to censor Shanahan's thoughtful outpourings on the state of society and the body politic? Hardly. We changed the DSP procedure because the previous procedure hadn't been followed, because defamatory and discriminatory material was printed as a result and because the Editors seemed to be taking no steps to ensure this didn't happen again.

Representatives of the Students' Association (amongst others) have also made complaints about the choice of content, the vitriolic style, the insincere apologies and thoughtless mistakes that have become commonplace in *Woroni* this year, but that is a separate issue. The DSPs do

not have responsibility for these matters — the Editors do. So far, I believe the Editors have done a pretty poor job of addressing any of these criticisms.

Back to the main issue. The previous DSP procedures had not been followed on at least four occasions. The erroneous abortion caption and our first defamation threat both occurred when the Editors turned up late to give the paper to the DSPs and had to get someone else to do it, with only 30 minutes before they wanted to get to the printers. In a later issue, the whole paper got reviewed except the back page, which hadn't been completed (or started). In desperation, the Editors scanned in a leaflet with "Shanahan is a cunt" scrawled across it. It didn't occur to them that this should be viewed by the DSPs, so that the DSPs could judge whether this was sexist. Then they produced a diatribe against Helen Razer which gave the distinct impression that they were trivialising her horrific stalking experience, which she endured for 9 months. The caption which gave this impression was not seen by the DSPs.

The important point about the failure of the Editors to have *Woroni* DSP'ed is that they had not reviewed the paper carefully themselves and consequently, they published defamatory and discriminatory material. One of these defamation cases has now been settled (on advice from our lawyer, who categorically stated that defamation had occurred) and has put the Association thousands of dollars out of pocket. Particularly galling about this case was that a simple apology would probably have prevented any expense, but the *Woroni* Editors stuffed that up by publishing a spoof apology in the same edition. If they'd thought about what they were writing, the stupidity of their actions might have become apparent.

At least as important, in my view, is the Helen Razer piece. Criticism would have been fine. Vitriolic criticism even. But not thinking about the implications of referring to stalking in the same polemical piece was grossly insensitive to say the least. Regardless of whether you describe it as 'sexism' or not, it demonstrated the complete inability of the Editors to do their job — edit the paper.

This article doesn't cover all of the woeful details of the petty shit-fights that have revolved around *Woroni*. In conclusion, I have three points to make:

Perhaps the only valid inference to be drawn from Brendan's article is that our DSP procedures need a thorough overhaul. If time permits, this might be something that we can organise in a warm, fuzzy, consensus-based kind of way, once some of the present acrimony has died down. However, the current problems are at least as much a product of the current editors as of the DSP procedure.

Brendan seems to object to student politicians per se. All I can say to that is to paraphrase the Commitments: I'm a student politician and I'm proud. And I'm most proud when I get to do something constructive on real issues, rather than wasting my time on the mess created by Brendan and his colleagues. Brendan should try a bit of self-criticism for once, rather than criticising everyone else.



debate

letters

Woroni and Brendan Shanahan love to be hated. If you've got nasty letters, just drop them into the Woroni office of the universally despised at the Student's Association or e-mail on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au, or try faxing on (02) 62493967. Or you can just come and abuse us (although we might laugh at you before beating you up).

Brendan takes the cake

Brendan,

I just had the misfortune to read your article 'OK Kids' in the last Woroni, and although I've read many an offensive and stupid student newspaper article in my time this one takes the cake.

It seems to have escaped your notice that while the good folk of the Students' Association are trying to do something for others you as editor-in-chief are really just pretending to be your father.

As for the tough-life call, perhaps you have had some hard knocks, but perhaps you should also consider that many other people have as well. If you would like to hear of how I was harassed to the point of being physically ill during my time as a student representative, I'll be happy to tell you. If you'd like to hear what it cost me to stand up and object to the Liberal Students who controlled the union buying cars for themselves and stopping the student loan scheme just ask.

It also seems to have escaped your

notice that the Students' Association is concerned about the costs of defamation cases and remember people not only threaten to sue but indeed do and even win sometimes.

Now these costs either come out of your pocket or they come out of the Students' Association, and I'm sure you'd expect them to indemnify you. In which case your petty, stupid attack on random people will not only cost thousands possibly tens of thousands of dollars but also seriously impinge on the services that the Students' Association can provide the students at ANU.

Before you declare that I am anti-free speech or student newspaper let me share that I'm a big fan of student newspapers. I write for them myself and I've spent my time protesting in support of the Rabelais editors. So it's not about that.

It's about the fact that your actions jeopardize the continued existence of both Woroni and the Students' Association. And when push comes to shove I'll back the Students' Association censoring your material so that it and Woroni continue to exist over your pretensions about being a journalist every single time.

Yours,

Erica Lewis

University of Technology, Sydney.

Sex, Sex, Sex

Dear Woroni,

Far from wishing to engage in personal attacks and unconstructive criticism, I would like to offer my opinions on my first read of your publication (Volume 50, Edition 4, April 1998).

Firstly I would like to ask what it is you endeavor to offer your readers, and the debate you deem to be important to our society today. On first impressions it seems that personal attacks, immature antics and an obsession with sexual innuendo are the order of the day. Are the starving millions, environmental catastrophes and political oppression inherent in the societies of today no longer news worthy? Or do I believe that the readers of your paper are oblivious to these events, preferring to 'hide their heads in the sand', indulge in their insecurities, perversions and distractions in the hope that those less fortunate than ourselves will die quietly.

Do you believe that having the privilege of an education and a voice is a license for cynicism and ridicule of those afflicted by unhappiness and disempowerment? Are there not enough hurt, disillusioned and angry people in our society to warrant some kind words, a positive outlook and a commitment to peace and healing?

I'm sure you are all intelligent

people. To be able to write, organise and publish a newspaper is testament to that. So why is it that you would choose to publish articles of such a gross, base and derogatory nature? Are you afraid to 'give it a real go', 'grapple with the tough issues' and really stimulate some constructive discussion as how we as a society can address the fear and insecurity out there on the streets? The people are waiting Woroni. What can you really do?

Yours sincerely,

Paul Lock

Spice it up

Dear Eds,

Hi. My name is Timmy, I think you guys are really cool. You do to the student's newspapers what the spice girls have done to western popular culture. The way you handle sensitive issues, makes me feel that the world really is a safe and beautiful place. Education is really important and and... um... worth every cent my daddy pays.

But it just wouldn't be the same without your wonderful bright pages making all the hard work really seem worthwhile.

Could you please send me an autographed picture of all of you, for my ceiling.

Love and Kisses

Timmy



Funky Acid Afro Lounge presents: in conjunction with HEAVEN GROOVE TERMINATOR

as seen on 'RAGE' and 'Video Hits'
with new single "Losing Ground"



with guest DJ's
**Jay
Levi
Squid**

and Mr Brown

HEAVEN

Friday 24th July

best known as one of Australia's top DJ's he has featured
at the Big Day Out and, more recently at the Apollo Festival.

\$10.00
entry
concessions avail.

Feel the

Pain

(below) These poor people are so deluded they think that Oprah Winfrey actually gives a shit about their miserable hides. The irony is compounded when we consider that they're supporting Oprah's fight against the American beef industry — the industry she once single-handedly kept afloat.



It would seem that ne'er a day is allowed to pass without a new wave of media inundation concerning the topic of celebrity trauma. If it's not "How I survived Bulimia" or "My daughters tragic heroin overdose" then it's information in excruciating detail of the latest home birth; and woe betide the individual heartless enough not to give a shit. *Rolando Fairview* is sick to death of this state of affairs and thus brutally deconstructs the cult of celebrity and its obsession with "Virtual Pain".

"I feel the pain of everyone and then I feel nothing/ I feel the pain of everyone and then I feel better."

- Dinosaur Jr

I admit that beginning any article with a quote is to run the risk of being seen as a pretentious git. But to begin an article with a quote from an ultra-fashionable, lo-fi, indie-rock band is tantamount to confessing. Still I think there's something in those words from which all of us could profit with a little closer consideration. When the (reputedly) megalomaniacal and extremely self-centred J Mascis whines these lyrics, he not only sends up his own image as tortured indie-rocker par excellence, he beautifully parodies one of the greatest and most unfortunate phenomena of the 90s - "Virtual Pain". The growth and creation of Virtual Pain is entirely celebrity driven. It is they who have fed and watered this most insidious of social evils and is they who deserve the drubbing that is to follow.

I love celebrities, they don't know how to be anything other than celebrities. Moments of great personal anguish become delightfully coincidental PR opportunities. Dead relatives, suicide attempts, child abuse and attention deficit disorder are all subsumed into, or, indeed, created by, the living organism that is the celebrity's vampiric lust for notoriety.

With such a high degree of celebrity angst in the modern world however, there is, therefore, a great deal of competition amongst their ilk to come up with ever more convincing stories involving personal anguish — stories that seem to increase exponentially at every telling. Thus one of my favourite celebrity games is the "I've had more trauma than you" competition. The worse the

With a really, really good trauma, say sexual abuse, the scope for celebrity pontificating becomes immense

trauma, no matter how patently exaggerated, the greater the psychic crush barrier on a celebrity. With a really, really good trauma, say sexual abuse, the scope for celebrity pontificating becomes immense. This means that the more I break down, the more I cry in public to every man and his dog, the more cast-iron my criticism barrier becomes. Thus, incredibly, I am allowed to speak on any topic imaginable, thereby not only broadening my career, but, best of all, living the dream of having no one ever able to say anything against me lest they be accused of being a heartless bastard.

The latest incarnation of this phenomenon is the "Helen Razer Story". Ms Razer has informed Australia on several occasions that she has had to retreat from the searing high-beam of publicity because she has "copped a little more than most." ie. she was stalked by a young loop-stick. In fact so great has her absolute retreat been that she has found the time and energy to write the lead feature for the *Australian's* "Weekend Magazine" and now participate in the front page picture story, with an accompanying double page spread, in the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Telegraph* appearance was undoubtedly my favourite. Here was a woman unable to leave her home "unless absolutely necessary" on

the front page of one of Australia's biggest selling papers — read by almost a million people a day. The photo was hilarious (see over). In a spare room in muted shades of grey sat Helen staring at the floor. Unable to face the glare of national publicity her hair hung limply across her eyes, her bare feet and a simple black dress bespoke the sombreness of the occasion — the entire thing was calculated to say "damaged".

One read the article with anticipation. What new insights would it reveal into the psyche of a woman driven to the edge? Well nothing actually. It was all re-hashed stuff from articles that had previously been published either by, or about, herself, but wait... what was this?! Hidden away in the final paragraph came the absolute topper. Who would have thought that Helen was working on a new book! How could a woman so shattered, so broken have ever had the ability to start one. Her courage was remarkable. Ohhhhh to be a celebrity! And if only every line of work offered such a scope for the transformation of personal debilitation into dollar signs.

The irony of all this (indeed the central irony of my thesis) is the fact that I am not doubting that Ms Razer's trauma was real. I don't doubt that she suffered. But like many great celebrities before her she couldn't restrain her natural celebrity instinct from turning her real pain into the vulgar apparition of pseudo-grief.

Thus I welcome the reader into the condition I have previously described as "Virtual Pain". Virtual Pain is the state whereby no matter how real your suffering, how terrifying your circumstances, how grisly the details of your childhood, as a celebrity you completely forfeit your right to any real sympathy because you cannot help but ma-

nipulate your predicament to the ends of further self-publication. Hearing about the "real-life" problems of media characters becomes therefore little more than hearing about the imagined problems of their fictional characters/personae because the celebrities involved have lost all concept of what it is to be unfamous, out of the spotlight, a



(above) Diana turns her eyes heavenward and begs God her father for our forgiveness

figment of the public imagination — virtual.

It makes sense therefore that the two most famous exemplars of Virtual Pain also happen to be (possibly) the two most famous people in the world. Princess Diana and Oprah Winfrey are responsible for the growth of the cult more than any other public figures. Oprah has made it her career and Diana was learning fast before she got wrapped round a pylon like a wire twist round the top of a garbage bag — and thus in one moment making her death the single greatest moment of Virtual Pain the world has ever seen. A veritable Vesuvius of mock grief.

The "Princess Diana Factor" has transcended a mere adjective and must surely be now counted amongst the world's great social and political forces; basically it's Marx and Diana neck-and-neck for the title of Twentieth Century's Most Influential. Until a couple of years ago Diana did her job just as she was meant to. She was impersonal but considerate, beautiful but not tastelessly showy and most of all she didn't talk out of school. At least she appeared to have the good taste not to drag the dirty laundry of her marriage into public — that sort of stuff is for Fergie and the guests on Sally Jessy Raphael. But was that good enough for her or a public rayenous for TV tears? No sir, we wanted public torment and Diana willingly obliged.

The "Diana Interview" and subsequent book rated and sold its arse off because we got just what we wanted. Rather than any complex examination of the problems in a difficult marriage we were fed the fairytale, made-for-TV version of events.

(inset) Oprah, being incredibly famous, struck gold with childhood sexual abuse. What a pity you can't.

Charles was, naturally, the evil frog prince, his mother the rock-hard titanium coated ice-queen and (best of all) Diana herself was a naive young virgin tricked into marrying a prince who'd told her he'd loved her only to crush her cruelly under foot like so many Spring daffodils. This coincided with gorgeous synchronicity during Diana's push for full-on beatification. We were treated night after night to the sight of the woman caressing AIDS victims, kissing babies in hospital and hugging one-legged black kids before being scooped up into the comforting womb of a helicopter and whisked away to her fairy palace in the clouds... "My kingdom is not of this world".

What the fuck is this shit? Was I the only one who rolled their eyes in disbelief as the "People's Princess" detailed the horrors of a personal life she had so jealously guarded until, conveniently, the time of her divorce. Sometimes I suspect I was — despite feeling that all available evidence pointed to the contrary I mean why is it that in polite society to be at all cynical about a woman who claimed to have "repeatedly attempted suicide" by throwing herself through a glass cabinet (!) and taking an overdose of Panadol (!!)

is the moral equivalent of saying, "That Mother Theresa! What a slut eh!". If Diana had been some maligned booner chick from Kambah the doctors would have sent her right home and told her to stop wasting their time with stupid attention-seeking stunts. But herein lies the strength of Virtual Pain. No one dares question your trauma as anything other than genuine because you have created the character of your private face as much as that of your public persona. Thus Diana's self-consciously coy eyelid-batting, leg crossing and finger twiddling (used to great effect whilst she explains the stabbing wounds that have upset her precious mental balance) must surely be entirely real rather than a whiny disingenuous attempt to gain sympathy for a character of one's own creation. In this instance "the sensitive woman crushed by the cruelty of her in-laws".

At least the Queen has the good taste not to inflict her problems on the world and then expect us to care. But herein lies the reason why the poor

old Queen is so unpopular and why she is now facing the humiliating spectre of being subjected to an "image make-over" by some smarmy PR prat. Refusing to indulge her stupid subjects' desire for public grief, no matter how fake, the Queen is the latest victim of those handful of celebrities who feel, rightly, that the contortions of Virtual Pain are not for them. They recognise the fact that they have a public role to play, do so, and then live their lives with no desire for us to be part of it no matter how often we demand for the privilege of "knowing" them. This group of celebrities are well aware that no one can ever hope to "know" anyone in the context of the public forum and therefore do not attempt to try. For their trouble they are often maligned as cold and nasty when all they are is merely dignified and modest.

My favourite example of the Queen of Touchy Feely Hearts philosophy however is the woman who could lay claim to having invented the genre of public grief and bumper-sticker love. She's turned being middle-class and female into a new category of socio/political gobbledegook. Not so much the Queen of Hearts as the Queen of Pop

Tarts — the name is Oprah.

There is one incident that must surely top them all as the ultimate betrayal of this woman's mammoth hypocrisy. In one particularly famous episode of her truly sickening programme (at least Springer admits he's running a circus) "everywoman" announced that she had been molested as a child. Jackpot! Eureka! Bingo! Surely Virtual Pain doesn't get better than this little perennial favourite. This revelation gave Oprah material for literally seasons of shows. All of America wept for her, disturbed teenagers rang her and made horrifying on-air confessions. She even wrote a book about it. In other words she milked it for all it was bloody worth.

This revelation was naturally but one in a string of self-wallowing spectacles that would become the hallmark of the richest woman in the world's show. We heard about her drug abuse, her parent's dysfunctional marriage and every other disorder, self-inflicted or otherwise, that could be guaranteed to appeal to Middle America's sense of

armchair morality. The absolute topper however came when the pudgy princess of daytime schlock made an emotional plea for paparazzi to please leave her alone after they (it's almost too horrible) took photographs of her in her bathrobe. This plea was of course echoed later in her ridiculously pious condemnations of the photographers who'd "stalked" and "killed" Princess Diana. So let's all



(above) Helen is "timid and fractured" except when a major metropolitan newspaper knocks on her door.

take a moment to really get this straight. Apparently it's perfectly alright to publicly eulogise to an audience of millions about the nature of a matter as intimate as childhood sexual trauma but as soon as someone sees you slumming around the house picking your nose the invasion of privacy has clearly gone too far? Celebrity hypocrisy staggers me, so excuse me whilst I vomit in a highly cynical manner.

There was one issue however above all others that has kept the career of Oprah ticking over like no other — fat. Oprah has transformed the process of accumulating fatty proteins on your hips and tits into a moral crusade, and by doing so shows herself once again to be the chief exponent of Virtual Pain. What was the reason that Oprah became so very famous in the first place? She was fat. She was like every other lard-arsed gringo housewife in the continent of North America and thus they lerrrrrrved her for it. But Oprah soon found that one of the great advantages of being mega-rich is that you can hire a personal chef to cook you things like a tofu cheese-cake. Thus she got thin and for the first time her ratings supremacy was looking shaky. Oprah, being brilliant

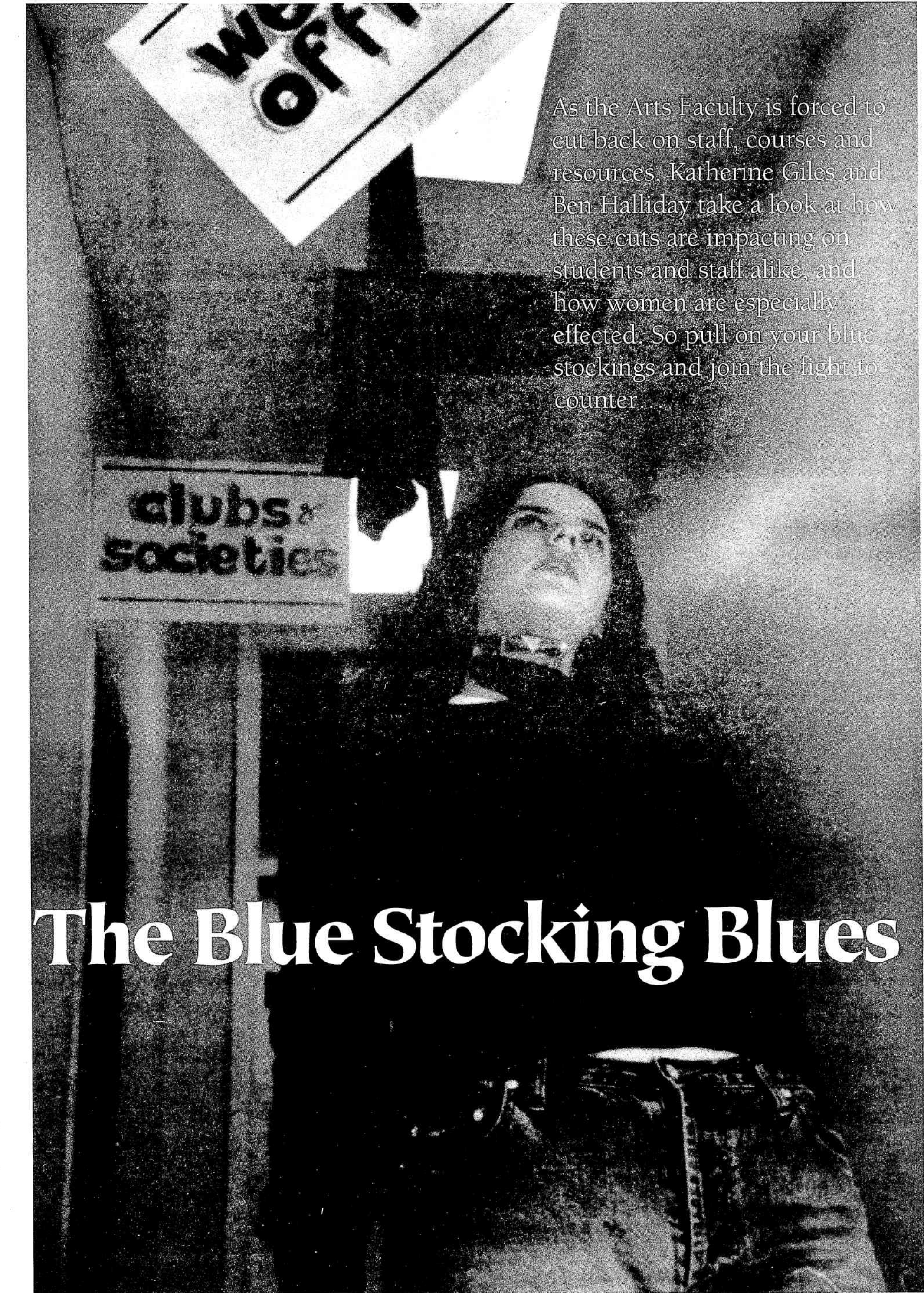
in the way Hitler and Stalin were, encouraged a cult of her personality like none ever seen; the American public became joined to her once ample hip, united by the moral sanctity of celluloid.

Oprah successfully pulled off one of the greatest scams in history. Not only did she manage to not get fat again by making the rest of America get thin she sold us the story of her continuing battle, fight, struggle to win the battle of the bulge. This was not a physical but an emotional issue. I have a suspicion that Oprah's Virtual Pain had, at this point, become real. The Colonel Kurtz of daytime distress had gone so far down the river she'd not only begun to believe her own press but live it.

So why is Virtual Pain harmful? Who cares if some hollow self-centred celebrity whose swallowed too much lipstick deludes themselves into thinking that their public grief is real and ought to be treated seriously? Well the most tragic part of all this Christ-like posturing is that it does not in the least bit help the ordinary members of the public, we mere mortals who have suffered similar misfortunes. Whilst the celebrity is left with a psychic goldmine the ordinary housewife who was abused, beaten-up, stalked is left with... well nothing actually. The twice-divorced 120 kilo hausfrau eating a bag of Doritos, watching Oprah and contemplating suicide in the ad breaks is not in the least bit assisted by the example of this "triumph in the face of adversity" because Oprah's adversity is as imagined as her triumph. Oprah doesn't give a shit about you. Princess Di didn't give a shit about you. Why? Because their "problems" have become as intangible as the primary coloured pixilations that shimmer their way across our TV screen and greet our brains in the form of electrical impulse. If their adversities ever had any meaning whatsoever they have been drained of all substance because celebrities have chosen to make them as much a part of their public personae as magazine gossip about their choice of handbag or hairstyle.

There is little doubt that celebrity suffering has enormously debased people's capacity for feeling genuine emotion. So what the world needs now is people willing to stand up and say, "Diana, Oprah, Helen... try and sue me for not caring".





As the Arts Faculty is forced to cut back on staff, courses and resources, Katherine Giles and Ben Halliday take a look at how these cuts are impacting on students and staff alike, and how women are especially effected. So pull on your blue stockings and join the fight to counter.

The Blue Stocking Blues

Once again the silence of the University Administration surrounding further cuts to the Arts Faculty is deafening. This is a saga that has been dragging on for almost a year now, and a solution is still far from confirmed. Lecturers, undergraduate and postgraduate students, the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) and the ANU Students' Association are once again in a mingling consensus, struggling to find their way in the silent void. A void that is filled by the 'new age' economic realist mantra of corporate, white male oppression, that preaches the 'good' of sacrificing the Arts Faculty in what the ANU Faculty of Arts restructuring document calls a "period of unsettling turbulence".

From all those under threat from the administration's goal to make the University more "business-like", there is a habitual shrug of the shoulders. The question "what next?" is continually answered with "we have no idea". Students and staff have been given no space to react and are simply left with the knowledge that further cuts are on the agenda. After making plans to save \$500,000 through cuts to the Arts Faculty in May this year, through voluntary redundancy, fractional appointments, and secondments, there still remains \$300,000 that has to be recovered. The administration has not made it clear how they plan to make the further "savings" that are deemed necessary for Arts and other faculties to reduce their budget deficits.

Since the 8th of August 1997 the ANU Administration has proposed a number of cuts to

Faculties throughout the University, with cuts falling disproportionately on Arts. So what has happened since those fateful days of August 1997? What have been the arguments put forward by all those who are to suffer during what the Vice Chancellor has described as a time of "pain" for "many areas of the University as a result of funding cuts"?

In August 1997 the administration revealed plans to cut up to 100 jobs University-wide through voluntary redundancies. The Arts faculty was to bear the worst of these cuts, with 33 jobs under threat of being cut. This entailed the scrapping of the Classics department, major cutbacks to Modern European Languages and the end of funding to the Noel Butlin Archives (the largest labour history archive in Australia). The worst of these cutbacks were stopped following a series of

protests and industrial action by students and staff. But despite the student population's rise from the depths of apathy and staff rejection of cuts to their departments, further cuts have been on the agenda throughout 1998.

According to the NTEU, over the past two years 16% of teaching positions and 24% of general staff positions have been cut in the Arts Faculty through non-renewal of contracts and natural attrition (for those not versed in the language of hiring and firing this simply means the refusal to replace staff that have retired). Remember all those times that

you have looked at a really interesting course being offered in the ANU handbook and wondered why year after year this course is again "not being offered". At the ANU at least 42 courses advertised in the handbook have not been run in three years. Basically these are courses that have suffered from the ravages of natural attrition. No one teaches these courses anymore, but it sure looks good for the ANU Administration to advertise the wide range of "quality" courses that they have on offer.

Through all the double speak and vitriol that has come out of the ANU administration in the last few months, it would seem that the number crunchers feel that the savings they wanted to make in 1997 have not been met. This has meant that the ANU Students' Association has once again been a hive of activity and the Socialist Workers Student Club have once again been on a furtive search for the blueprint plans of the Chancellery's hidden secret passage ways.

So how have the ANU Administration justified further cuts to the Arts faculty? And what does this mean for the rest of the student body at ANU? Cuts have been justified by blaming the Coalition's cuts to operating grants for all Universities throughout Australia. They point to a decline in enrolments, and blame the NTEU for pay rises that were achieved in 1996. This has translated into course cuts, increased tutorial sizes, increased course material costs (reading bricks and lab equipment), less contact hours, decreased course offerings, and greater work loads for teaching staff throughout the University. There is also the distinct possibility that cuts to the Arts Faculty will affect assessment procedures and will soon affect staff study leave for conference attendance and sabbaticals.

Clearly these cuts could be translated to any University in Australia, as

The ANU motto "First to understand the nature of things" becomes unstuck if you start reading any of the recent documents that have come out of the administration over the future direction of the University



(above) In a sly use of symbolism Katie is hung by the twin forces of Capitalism and Sexism.

the situation at ANU is not just specific to the Arts Faculty. The Vice Chancellor Deane Terrell has even commented, in the *ANU Reporter* that "the problems facing the Arts Faculty [are] not unique to the ANU". The arguments being made by ANU administration to justify restructuring at the ANU are also not unique to the ANU, they are the same arguments that are being used when cutting funding to health, welfare and education sectors throughout Australia. Inevitability has become the name of the game: that we should all be "restructuring" to become more

"competitive" and "business-like".

While the Students' Association and its Education Department accept that the Federal Government has made massive cuts to University Operating Grants throughout Australia, the fact is that large Universities, such as the ANU, have increasingly become financially independent through the continued deregulation of University Funding. This has led to Universities being able to charge up-front fees for undergraduates or increase course material costs. University Administration is now able to cut back areas of the University that are not providing an operating surplus, or "profit".

So whilst the ANU continues to sit on a contingency fund of \$40 million — its endowment fund for excellence — the administration wants to make savings through scrapping such courses as Russian, and introducing Dutch as a fee paying course at the newly proposed Languages Institute.

ANU Administrations claim that cuts have been due to declining enrolments has become a self-fulfilling prophecy. If funding is cut, and less courses are offered it is inevitable that less people will be keen to enrol. And as for the NTEU pay rise that is so often brought up as a reason for renewed staff cuts, the ANU only funded 6% of this pay rise and is merely using this as an excuse for further cuts.

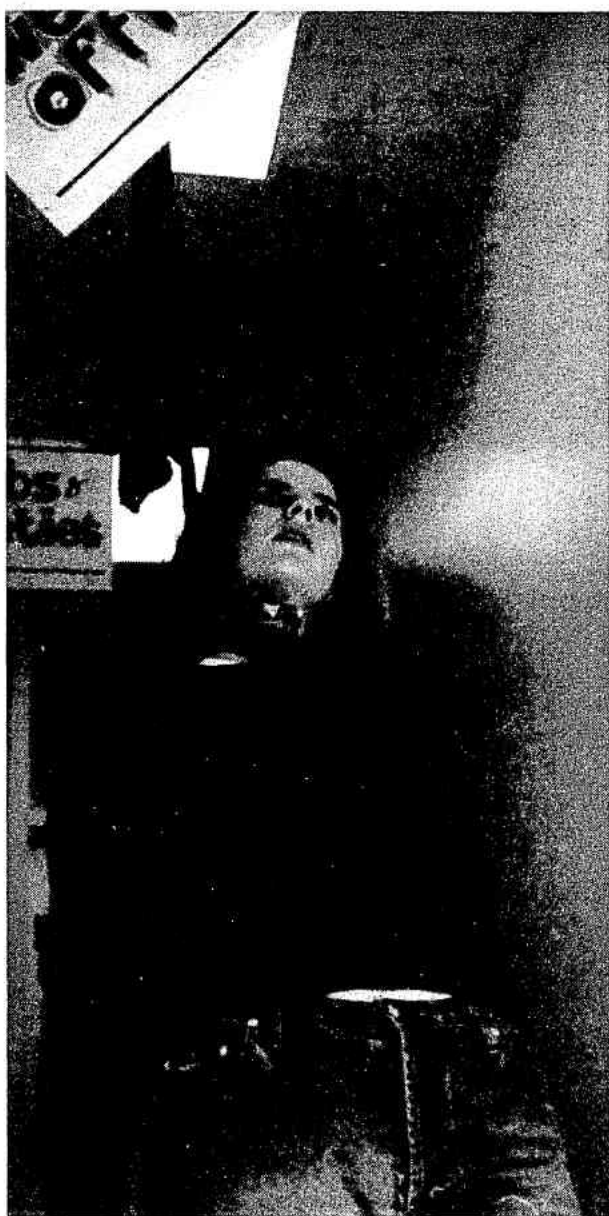
Over the past year staff and students have responded to all of this by questioning the administration's funding models and campaigning against the staff cuts. The process of the cuts has become a long and drawn out process, but most importantly the worst of management's cost-saving measures have been averted through staff and student action.

Action has varied from protests in Union court and outside the Chancellery, the "sea of degrees" outside the Chancellery building, the sit-in and discussion in the Dean of Arts office, and the Arts crisis meeting held at the end of second term. Success last year came in the form of saving the Classics Department and the Noel Butlin Archive, and bargaining the jobs losses within the Arts Faculty from 33 to four.

In 1998 the struggle has changed. It has become more of an ideological struggle, an argument over whether or not "the University" should be seen as a profit making, business-like institution.

Within the opening pages of the ANU Faculty of Arts Restructuring Document it is made clear that the ANU Administration believes that the "University" must adjust to a "changing environment" and "take a far more business-like approach" to budgets during this "period of unsettling turbulence". The bottom line is that students and staff must realise that for ANU to remain as "one of the world's great research institutions, distinguished by outstanding teaching, guiding students to the frontiers of knowledge and the best standards of scholarship" cuts must be made to the Arts Faculty. Read as: Space, the last frontier, these are the adventures of the Star Ship Enterprise...

The ANU motto "First to understand the nature of things" becomes unstuck if you start reading any of the recent documents that have come out of the administration over the future direction of the University. Any discussion from ANU



administration about cuts at the ANU soon becomes one of profit maximisation, maintaining operating surpluses, remaining competitive and efficient. The concerns of students over maintaining accessible quality education or even the obvious issue of throwing people on the dole queue doesn't rate a mention.

So the Arts Faculty cuts and their continuation has become a debate about the role of the University and whether the dollar comes before social needs. The shit-fight in the Arts Faculty is not about to go away, but if students and staff are aware that we are fighting a battle not just about cuts to the Faculties, but also about how we value education and the Administrations' drive for profit, then we need to understand that we are fighting a battle on a much larger level.

This larger question of what education and the University actually stands for also demands the question: how will cuts to the Arts Faculty affect women?

Bluestockings was the name given to women in the 19th century who wished to pursue an education, rather than devoting their lives to traditional 'womanly' duties. When women first started attending University the term was used in reference to women seen as dowdy and eccentric, as though they had chosen a mistaken vocation. Although women have been campaigning for the right to education since the 17th Century, it was not until the 1920s that women were actually able to graduate from University. Since then women have only been able to enter educational institutions in the last century, and it has only been since the 1960s, (which saw women's participation in-

crease three-fold) that women have entered the higher education sector en-masse.

'Bluestocking' has been reclaimed as a catchphrase for celebrating women's participation in education. The annual Bluestocking Week has come to celebrate the achievements of women in education. How will these achievements be celebrated when women are disproportionately affected by cuts to Austudy, increases in University fees, cuts to childcare, regressive education policies and staff cuts within Universities? How should Bluestocking Week be celebrated at the ANU when the Arts Faculty faces continued staff and budget cuts?

Cuts to the Arts Faculty at the ANU loom as a further threat of attacks on education and women's access to education. In a society in which knowledge is equated with power, crucial questions of who constructs, possess and evaluates what is labelled worthwhile study, or who decides what is profitable is vital. In the VC's discussion on the "pain" that we all must go through, as the University re-adjusts to the present "period of unsettling turbulence", there is no recognition that cuts to the Arts Faculty may have a disproportionate affect on female students or staff.

ANU Administration also fails to recognise that educational institutions provide an invaluable source of passing on and gathering information. Therefore an unreconcilable impression we get from the proposed cuts to the Arts faculty is that women and their knowledge, either as teachers or as subjects, is not as important as male economic 'reality'. Individual critical thought, the history, politics, art, philosophy, anthropology and

archaeology of a society, the evaluation, construction and distribution of knowledge becomes a monopoly that silences discontent in the name of profit for the ultimate goal of achieving a "business-like" University.

Proposed cuts to the Arts Faculty have entailed significant cuts to part-time, casual and contract positions within the faculty. A disproportionate number of female staff are new members of faculties and are often in contract positions which to date are continually not being renewed. But as it has become apparent the opposition to the proposed cuts to the Arts Faculty, in terms of women, is not only about the loss of female staff within the Arts Faculty, but a larger issue of what it actually means to gain an Arts Degree.

Many of those worried about cuts to the Arts Faculty are worried about what it will mean when the ANU no longer has a faculty that teaches and encourages critical thought such as feminism, or maintains a woman's studies department. The important issue of addressing women's inequality in Australian society, through university study, could be curtailed by the administration's focus on operating surpluses, as opposed to an interest in maintaining quality education and critical thought.

An investigation of proposed cuts to the Arts Faculty and how they will affect women makes it clear that there is no place within feminism to be complacent about what women have achieved in education. Women must constantly discuss and enthuse other women involved in the struggle about the crucial debate underpinning what education and the University actually stands for. Students and staff at the ANU must remind themselves and others that rigorous political debate concerning the origins and the future of the University are extremely important.

Ultimately this also becomes a question of whose reality dictates this 'inevitable' reduction of staffing costs within the Arts Faculty. In a recent issue of *Woroni* the VC stated "reality dictates that the Faculty of Arts must reduce its staffing costs." What must be remembered during Bluestocking Week, and during the fight against the proposed cuts to the Arts Faculty, is that this "reality" is not about the reality that you or I as struggling University students are daily subsumed into. This is a reality in which profit becomes the way in which staffing levels in the Arts Faculty must be determined.

So what can we do to make it clear to the ANU Administration that we do not believe reality has to be based upon the structures of profit and business? The VC has warned the student body, in a recent issue of *Woroni*, that "the number of staff cuts required gets larger the longer decisions are delayed or stymied by protest and industrial action". This signifies, in an optimistic way, that student and staff protest and industrial action disrupt the profit making process, which continued disruption by students could achieve positive results and the continued funding of the Arts Faculty.

Unfortunately the VC's statement makes it crystal clear that the questioning voices of staff and students are to be silenced in the name of the greater good. Staff and students have argued at length through petitions, demonstrations, and crisis meetings and at University Council through



(above) If this picture were in colour these stockings would be blue

our Students' Association President Harry Greenwall, that there is a solution to what the VC describes as "the alarming accumulation of debt". The position put forward by Harry Greenwell is simple. Despite refusing to recognise this profit driven reality as inevitable, a solution lies in the ANU University Council transferring the amount needed to repay the Arts Faculty's debt from its pool of windfall profits.

Centuries ago Bluestockings questioned a reality that dictated women could not possibly benefit from an education. This reality was based on a variety of assumptions from the medical 'fact' that men's brains were considered biologically superior, the ludicrous idea that women's brains would burst if they were subjected to the rigours of education, or that women would be de-sexed by education and therefore limit their prospects for marriage. Whilst we recognise the inability to speak for all women during Bluestocking Week it is also important to remember that allowing women into Universities may not have necessarily altered the fundamental structures of the University. So as we face increased cuts to the Arts Faculty and the celebration of Bluestocking Week it is important to remember that the fight has not ended.

Reality has again been dictated from above; a privileged, corporate, white, male, oppressive reality. I'd say it was time we all got our bluestockings on — it is time to challenge this intrinsically male economic reality. It is time to end this attempt to monopolise the production of knowledge and reality, to critique the concept of what is being defined as important and to deconstruct the reality that is based on profit as defined by the corporate-business experience. It is time to remember that those who originally wore bluestockings were involved in literary, historical, political and philosophical discussions, and academic discourse on ideas of freedom, liberty and equality. Get your bluestockings on boys and girls!

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Stalking the ACT

Every year in the ACT women are the victims of stalking. Adele Glover looks at some of the legal and emotional issues involved in stalking and examines its prevalence in the context of feminist thought on the tacit acceptance of violence towards women. (All names have been changed and all people appearing in photographs are models)

This article is a serious look at the dilemma of stalking in the ACT, which highlights the sad fact that the law, law enforcement and society at large often let the victims of stalking down. People who are stalked often have to change their entire lives, even going so far as to quit work or move to another state. A startling amount of women in the ACT also carry concealed weapons for self-defence, outweighing the risk of being arrested with being attacked. They are justified in fearing for their safety, with many stalkers turning violent. Yet stalking is not generally perceived as a serious issue, usually being trivialised and misunderstood. Often because of attitudes to stalking, victims remain silent and rarely report any incidents. Since recent Australian research claims that about 80% of stalking victims are women, I will be addressing stalking as a feminist issue. It is another article altogether to discuss how stalking affects the lives of male victims.

Consequently I surmise that along with domestic violence, stalking is an incredibly prevalent crime that exists almost invisibly in our society. So why can't the authorities protect victims?

Sarah is a married working mother of three who has lived with being stalked by the same man for over two and a half years. A casual acquaintance of Sarah's, a retired Air Vice Marshall began what can only be described as a morbid obsession with her. It was an infatuation that became increasingly more serious with every refusal of Sarah's that he ignored. When Sarah made it very clear she wanted him to leave her alone the harassment stepped up. The stalker has followed her every-

loss and skin rashes. She and her family have had to change their lives to make sure that Sarah's safety is paramount. Consequently, she has given up on our legal and political systems and just hopes that her stalker will give up or move away. So on the face of it, Sarah's story seems like a legal anomaly — a case that is rare and probably even flimsy. But is this really the case?

On the 26th of June 1996, the ACT Assembly passed amendments to the Crimes and Domestic Violence Acts that identified stalking as an illegal act, however major problems with this new legislation make it almost impossible to successfully prosecute offenders. These problems are so serious that victims of stalkers in the ACT may not be better off at all than they have been in the past. Since the introduction of the purpose-built stalking legislation only one case has been successfully prosecuted. While it often takes a few years for the legal system to accommodate new laws and

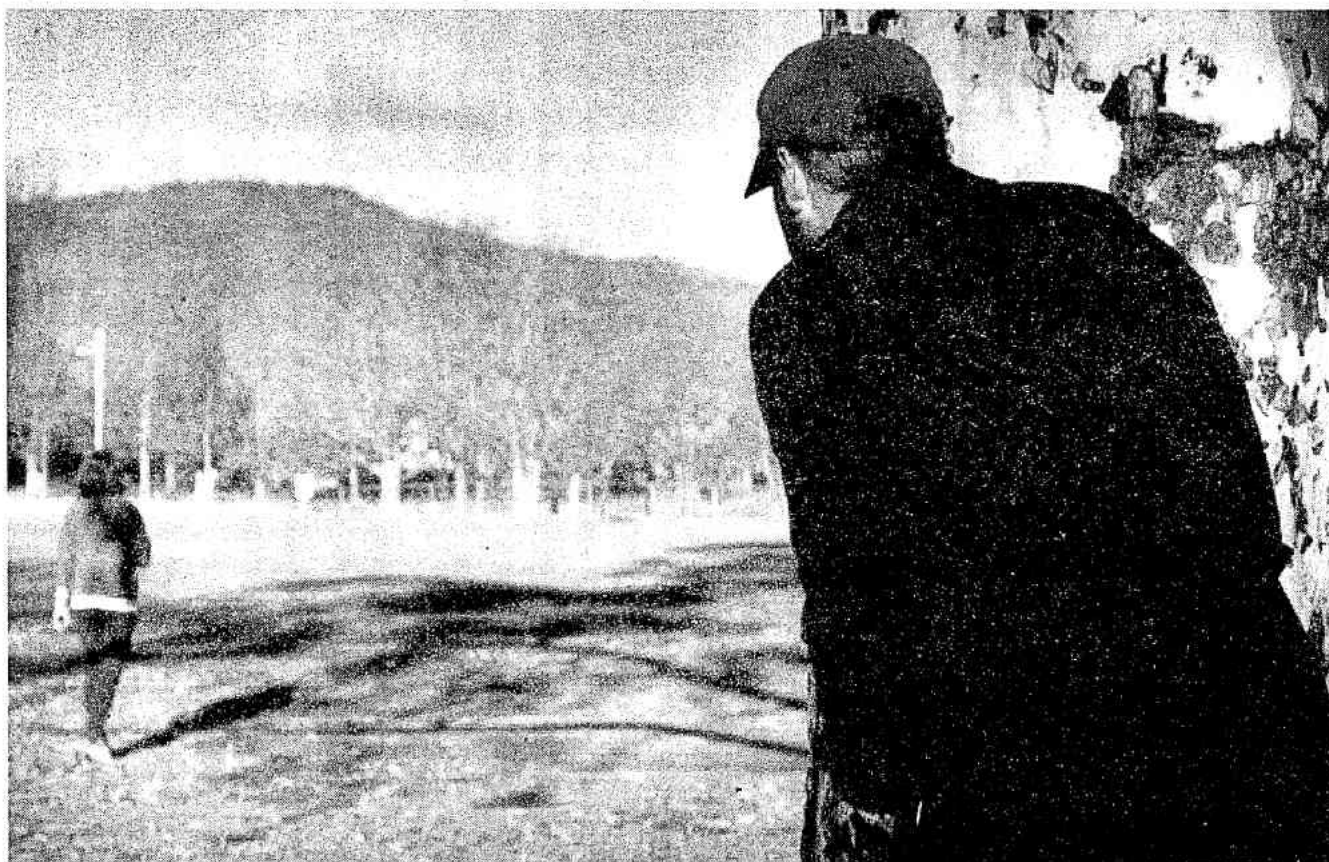


(above) Someone chooses to ignore Paddington's directive to "Please look after this bear"

the problem with the legislation is the part that requires a provable intent to do serious harm or cause fear of serious harm in the victim. A spokesperson from the Director of Public Prosecutions (DPP) claimed that in his experience proving intent was almost impossible in court. Although he stated that in the "absence of admissions or expressed malice, intent will need to be inferred from [proven] circumstances, especially [the] nature of acts of stalking" and any sour relationship between the stalker and victim, he had found that this was extremely difficult. It is interesting to note that the single successful case prosecuted so far was allegedly aided by an admission of guilt. A spokesperson from the Australian Federal Police (AFP) said that it was very difficult to find out and then prove a malicious intent when you have two people giving conflicting accounts. Unless the stalker sings like a canary and admits a malicious intent, there is little the law can do with this legislation. Another difficulty with the intent clause is that a number of stalkers are 'erotomaniacs' who are misguidedly trying to woo the object of their obsession. Classic erotomaniacs have no idea that the person they are infatuated with is terrified or just really creeped out. Basically, the stalkers who intend to cause harm are very difficult to prosecute, and the confused romantics are not addressed in the legislation at all! So, why not omit the need for intent from the legislation? The DPP spokesperson asserted that the intent clause plays a very important function in the legislation. The legislation "had to be cast in broad terms to cover a wide range of stalking acts" that are usually lawful acts (such as approaching or phoning someone). The spokesperson said that there needed to be some way of separating lawful and illegal acts. Both the AFP and DPP seem to avoid using the stalking legislation, preferring to use any other relevant criminal law. Due to the legal problems

discussed so far, authorities find it is often easier to stick to laws relating to assault, violation of court orders, threats or damage to property. In one case, the DPP prosecuted a stalker for misuse of telecommunications as he was continually phoning his victim! While not wanting to sound critical of the anti-stalking laws, an AFP spokesperson admitted that in his experience using other laws was "more workable" in stalking cases. According to a spokesperson from the DPP, an important thing to remember is that stalkers are usually much more intelligent criminals than your average law-breakers are. They often understand how to walk on that fine line between lawful and illegal behaviour.

Beyond this legal hoo haa, there is a branch of feminist thought that explains why it is almost impossible to protect a woman from a violent man. In *The Lust to Kill: A Feminist Investigation of Sexual Murder*, the authors (Cameron and Fraser) conclude that from a functional standpoint "minor nuisances, like flashing, stealing underwear and making obscene phone calls" can be understood together with crimes such as rape and domestic violence. They find these similar types of offences for two reasons. The first reason is that all of these behaviour patterns result from a dangerously archaic perception of male and female sexuality. This perception says that men need open sexual access to women because they are by nature predatory and aggressive. Understandably, serious crimes such as rape are much more severe than obscene phone calls yet they both work to achieve the same goal — they are functionally the same. Both "are acts which men do in order to reassure themselves of their power and potency; both include, as a crucial factor in that reassurance, the fear and humiliation of the female victims". Secondly, all of these types of behaviours function to threaten the autonomy of women. As a result, a lot of women are so scared of sexual crimes and harassment that they feel their freedom is compromised and become too ashamed or embarrassed to discuss their loss of sanctuary. In addition, if "the worst does happen we may be blamed, not protected; our suffering will be trivialized, questioned or ignored". For these reasons, the authors of *The Lust to Kill* assert that all acts of violent male sexual aggression towards women are sexual terrorism. Furthermore, we can use the same argument to assert that stalking is also an act of sexual terrorism. It is probably safe to say that stalking fulfils a functional role of keeping women in their place. Stalking works to remind women that they are still sexual objects to be pursued and possessed, sometimes especially against their will. Stalking reminds women, often despite themselves, to watch how you dress and watch who you talk to, flirt with and have sex with. In short, watch how you live, because someone else always will be. Unfortunately and despite every success of feminism, a lot of women still are scared and embarrassed to address any of these problems openly. However, why would someone in their right mind open



(above) Don't take tips on dating from the Debating Society

where she goes (including work, home, recreation and grocery shopping), taken photos of her (paparazzi style), sent her bizarre threatening letters, followed her daughter, driven past her house, made many nuisance phone calls to home and work, tried to run into her on his bicycle and had private investigators put her under surveillance. For a nice psychological twist, he would form his hand into a pistol shape and mimic pulling the trigger whenever he would see Sarah. He crossed any grey legal area by making numerous death threats and trying to grab and assault Sarah. To cut a long legal saga short, Sarah's case was ultimately dismissed and closed. Unfortunately for Sarah, the social status of her stalker was the trump card that could not be beaten. The Magistrate hearing her case even mentioned the stalker's respectability solely based on his high rank in the military. Sarah is still being called and followed by her stalker. She has exhausted every avenue of protection and justice and is "disgusted and devastated" that the legal status quo "actually protects criminals". As a result of the stalking Sarah suffers Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome that manifests itself in her case as anxiety, forgetfulness, insomnia, loss of appetite, weight

practises, the stalking legislation appears to be a legal leper. To give you the gist of the new laws without boring you to madness, the legislation

Since the introduction of the purpose-built stalking legislation only one case has been successfully prosecuted.

basically says that being proven guilty of two or more acts of stalking with the intent to cause serious physical or mental harm is illegal, punishable with up to five years imprisonment. Essentially,

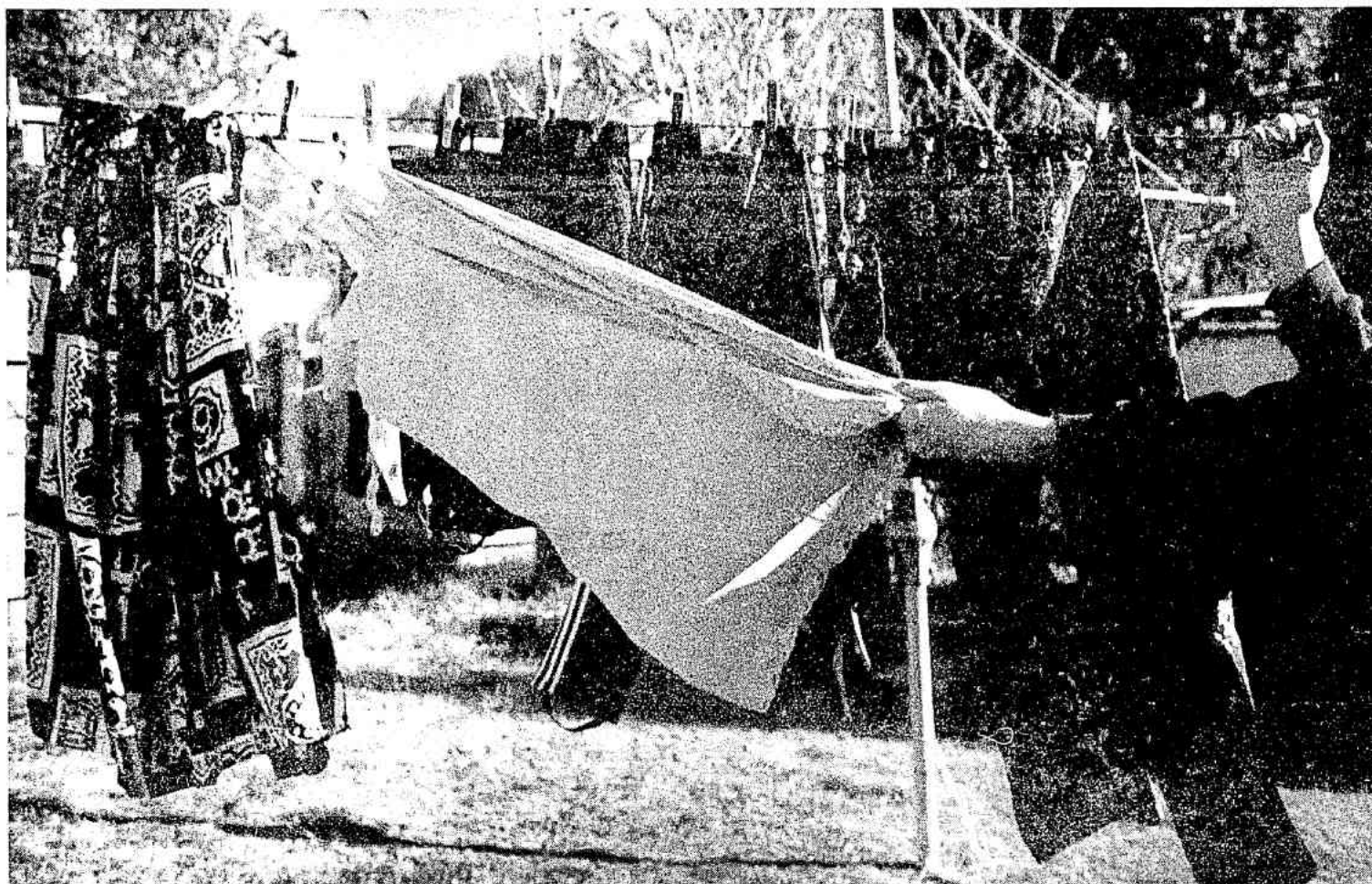
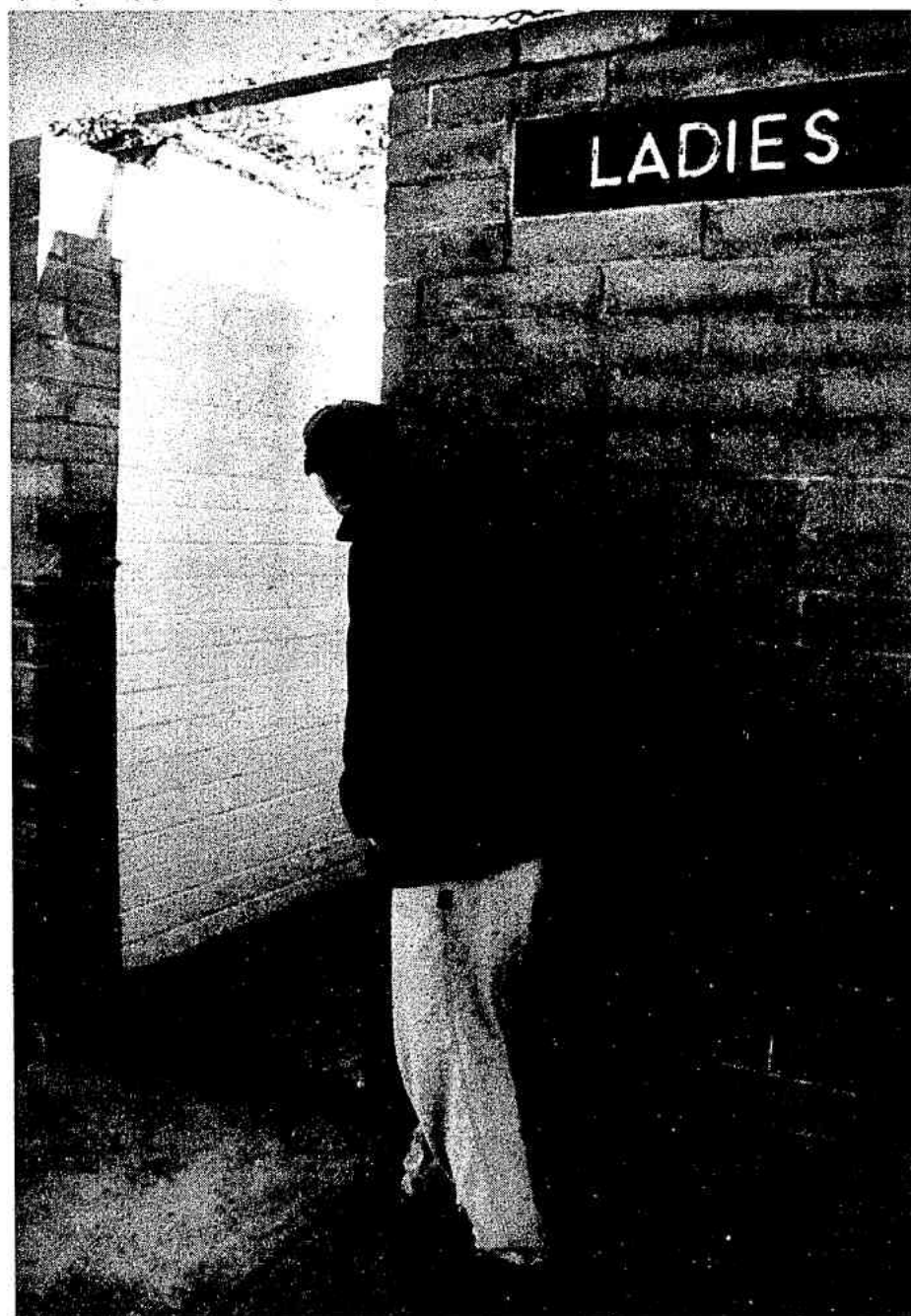
basically says that being proven guilty of two or more acts of stalking with the intent to cause serious physical or mental harm is illegal, punishable with up to five years imprisonment. Essentially,

themselves up to such a degree of public scrutiny? Sadly, we live in a society that is so terrified of accusing innocent men that we are way too eager to ridicule and blame the victims. So what is there to be done?

Because the law is generally toothless in dealing with stalkers, many people resort to their own type of justice. While vigilante solutions are often appealing, there are reasons why it isn't a fabulous idea. An off-the-record source gave an account of how his daughter got rid of a man who was stalking her. She was a resident on a university campus who was stalked by an aggressive erotomaniac who claimed her as his girlfriend. When his dogged persistence became very disturbing she decided on a drastic measure to get him to leave her alone. One night she called him and admitted that yes, he was right, she had finally realised her undying love for him and requested that they meet in a secluded spot to talk, insisting that he come alone. She did meet him in this quiet secluded dark area, but brought along a friend with a baseball bat. Both of them gave the stalker some visible and painful injuries and led him to believe that there was plenty more where that came from. Suffice to say that the stalker left her alone and she felt much better. In those who have suffered because of the actions of another there is a place that laughs maniacally at the violent fate of that unwary stalker. However, there are a few very important reasons why vigilante-style revenge is not a good or safe idea. Obviously, the first reason is legal. If you have the misfortune of being caught the penalties could be costly and a criminal record may influence future employment. Secondly, if appealing to a sense of civic duty is pointless, then consider why most men stalk. Since they often stalk to exert power and control, giving them a humiliating beating may enrage and inspire them to find a couple of their friends and exact revenge. The loss of power in a mentally ill aggressive male could very well mean a more dangerous experience for you than stalking. Lastly, a vicious beating may be just the thing to push an offensive stalker over the edge into Jeffery Dahmer land. So beware baseball bat solutions. They may make a stalker back off, but they might also make him cross any grey area and turn into a complete psychopath.

So why is stalking so prevalent? One reason is that when a harmful practise in society continues it is often the case that the general population un-

(below) This guy's not actually a model- just a perve.



(above) Having your under garments removed from the washing line is one of the bizarre aspects of being stalked

wittingly perpetuates it by repeating dangerous patterns of the past. Ideas that on the surface may seem harmless often encourage inappropriate behaviour. In other words, beliefs that are considered harmless by some people often underpin and excuse stalking. For example, the erotomaniac who leaves flowers on his obsession's car and the ex-boyfriend who just won't quit both feel they have the right of unhindered access to women. For whatever purpose they use this power, they are still intruding on the lives of women. So what are some of these ideas that can encourage stalking and other violence towards women? Some are: women love to be pursued, women often play hard to get, women like to say 'no' when they mean 'yes', women love secret admirers, women

love to be aggressively wooed and they find it romantic to be 'won back' by an old lover. Again, such ideas work on the assumption that men are sexual aggressors and women have to submit to their behaviour. There is no place in our society for secret admirers, aggressive wooers and stalkers of either sex. This sort of behaviour reinforces dangerous sexist patterns of the past. In a society as complicated as ours, it's insane to still be clinging to sexist ideas of the past whilst trying to move into the future. If you like someone, then tell them.

Accept no for an answer. If you know that some form of stalking is going on and you ignore it you're allowing the cycle to continue. So if you see a friend being too persistent, tell them to back off. Don't assume that it's none of your business because the pattern of behaviour that you've tacitly approved of may happen to you. And if there are those who think that the politically correct brigade has finally gone too far, then form a club of like-minded souls and go play out your 1950s fantasy somewhere else!

Stalking Tips

In the articles on stalking that have proliferated in Australia recently, there seems to be little helpful information for those within and without the problem. I thought that in presenting such a problem it was essential to pass on some advice that was given to me during the course of writing this article. In talking with people from the AFP, DPP and many other people off the record, I've compiled some ideas that may be helpful. Obviously, this is not a 'get out of stalking free' card, but sometimes tips like these can help.

1. If someone is bothering you, don't hesitate in firmly telling them you want them out of your life. Often women are too hesitant in telling the brutal truth. Don't hesitate in threatening a restraining or protection order if they don't back off. If you are painfully clear at this stage then there will be no confusion.

2. If your safety feels threatened in any way, don't hesitate in getting a restraining or protection order. There are legal ramifications for violations of a court order, so having friends or family around that can act as witnesses is a good idea. Report all breaches of restraining or protection orders and make sure the Police record your information on computer. All orders and breaches are kept record of and if your stalker has a long record, it may help you.

3. Keep a record of every incident and occurrence including places, dates, times and the names of anyone who could back up your account. The modus operandi of many Defence Attorneys is to play up any uncertainty about events and make out that the woman is unsure or lying. Remember that the more people can back up your story, the less likely a case will become your word against theirs.

4. If someone sends you something offensive

in the mail, put it in some sort of plastic cover in case police can draw fingerprints from it. The drawing of fingerprints is much less successful than it is on TV, but sometimes Police can get lucky.

5. The AFP and/or the DPP may ask you to make a deal before going to court. For example, they may assure you of a conviction on certain charges claiming that the others aren't necessary. Apparently they do this to save time and resources but remember a few things before you consider a deal. No expert can predict with certainty how a case will end. The way witnesses, police and lawyers perform on a day can be a factor as well as the perceptions of the magistrate and the jury. Also, a strong police case can increase the chances of a guilty plea from the defendant. Basically, remember that at the end of the day your own protection is paramount, so carefully consider any compromises to your case.

6. If a legal case is out of the question, then consider a regular regime of counselling and self-defence classes. A good counsellor can help you especially if you're experiencing anxiety, low self-esteem or panic attacks. Because stalking is often a psychological terror campaign, developing the tools to combat the mind games is time well spent. Another exercise that is often purely therapeutic is women's self-defence classes. There are various women-only groups around Canberra that aim to reduce the fear of violence in women. Some women consider seeking help as conceding that the stalker has won. However, as a result of going it alone you may turn into an anti-social agoraphobic. Then the stalker has definitely won.

7. For more information, try a very informative and practical website in the US (www.antistalking.com). It imparts a lot of information and advice on stalking, but be warned that it's not for the faint-hearted.

QUIT PAYING RETAIL!



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entertainment

music



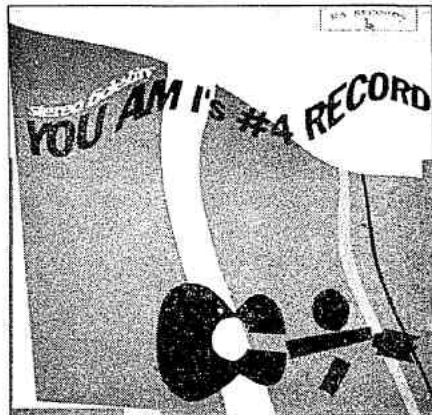
Number 4 Record

You Am I

A fine collection of fast moving pop tunes. Like all good albums, it needs a few listens to sink in, but it is clear that this is a band that knows what it's doing. I find it very reminiscent of The Lemonheads in many places, which is not a bad thing as far as I am concerned.

As well as being fine listening, there's some lyrical usage worth noting on this disc as well. Having fun with words is as much fun as having fun with music, and combining the two is a noble aim which seems to have been achieved a number of times by *You Am I*.

Whilst not suggesting that there's spectacular variation of styles across the album, there's enough variety to keep interest across the twelve tracks. A



bit of gritty edginess in a few places, smooth melodious-pop in other spots.

Not knowing the boys in *You Am I*, I don't know how much of their lyrics are autobiographical, but it seems like they have an enjoyable enough existence in any case. They've let that enjoyment come through on this album, and I'd suggest you'd be adding a bit of sunshine (the ironic, not too bright and perky type of sunshine that is) to your life if you decided to add this album to your collection.

—Senator Andrew Bartlett*

*Andrew Bartlett is an Australian Democrat Senator from Queensland. In a previous life he was in various Brisbane based bands, releasing a number of spectacularly unsuccessful recordings.



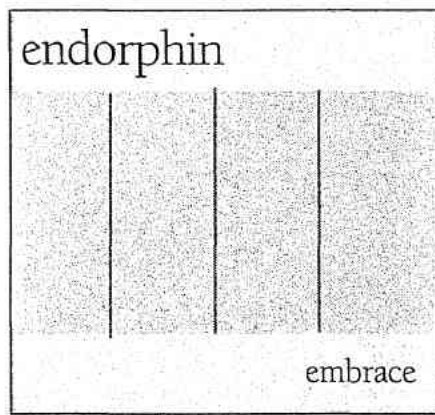
Embrace

Endorphin

There is a reason why Triple J chose *Endorphin* as one of its 1996 Unearthed winners; a reason why Columbia/Sony Music snapped the sounds up in a record deal; and a reason why *Endorphin* was chosen by the sublime music makers that are Spearhead to front with them on their 1998 Australian tour — *Endorphin* is good.

Before we start talking about *Endorphin* as a group one clear fact must be noted: *Endorphin* is a single guy making music. His name is Eric Chapus, and combined with many samples and a considerable ability to mix, forms the entity that is *Endorphin*.

The music combines a piano line as a constant vehicle for all the tracks. Taking the listener



on a journey through Easter, Moroccan and North African cultures with firm counterpoints and complementation of Aboriginal music, *Endorphin* also brings sensational works of Satie and Delibes ringing out in exciting ways.

What is clear is that *Endorphin* transcends the sampling and mood-effects label that could be levelled at it because of the grounded nature of Eric Chapus' experiences and training. It has been constructed by someone who obviously knows the music involved, the cultures experienced and brings them together by knowing where the journey is going. He doesn't want to be too nice, and this is what counts in a journey — I know I want a variety in the journey of life, and not a sickly sweet Disney storyline.

Endorphin is aptly named as the music taps into your synapses and tugs at those chemical linkages producing pleasure, excitement, bliss and well-being. Rock with rich, exotic textures, guitar riffs with smells and sights of a Moroccan bazaar. Good for sitting back and listening to alone, as background music, as a centrepiece, with added stimuli... or whatever. The music in this album has a quality feel about it that a lot of other great bands are missing.

—Jonathan Tonge



Boggy Depot

Jerry Cantrell

Boggy Depot is the debut solo album by Alice in Chains' guitarist and songwriter, Jerry Cantrell. I would have thought that Cantrell, who has written or co-written most of Alice in Chains' hits — "No Excuses", "Would?", "Rooster" — had little to prove by making a solo album; so my expectations were high.

Although the album was one that has grown on me over time, and I do appreciate seeing Jerry shine on his own, I still felt that this album was lacking if compared to the deeper and more layered work of Alice in Chains. The 12-track album offers a varied musical ensemble that is less extreme than the work of Alice in Chains. There is a sense of tenderness and vulnerability in "Settling



Down" and "Hurt a Long Time" and the help of Primus' Les Claypool on bass in "Between" and "Cold Piece" results in a distinctive sound that adds variety to the album.

The problem for me was that the thematic vision of this album is so similar to Alice in Chains, with the song "Breaks my Back" an example of the reminiscent Alice in Chains' theme of lost or doomed love — the "Love Hate Love" feeling.

In "My Song" which is reminiscent of the pure Alice in Chains' sound (without the depth), with Cantrell's harmonized chorus is irresistible and devastating in its refrain: "Every time you let it show/I didn't want to know/By the time I had lost my soul/You had to go". And even though I enjoyed Cantrell's layers of edgy and chiming guitars, or "Hurt a Long Time" which touches on the suicide of Kurt Cobain in which Cantrell's folksy, wistful guitar riff and wavery tenor set the scene.

Although I enjoyed this album, I simply felt it lacked the depth of feeling and sound found within Cantrell's work done with Alice in Chains'.

—Katherine Giles

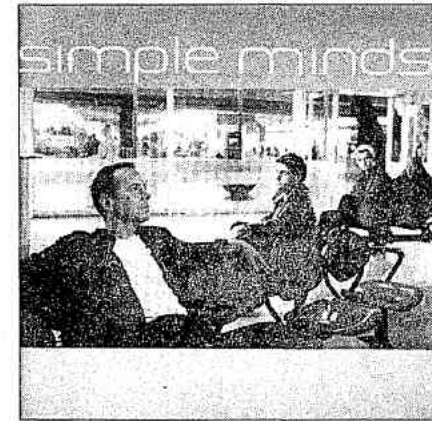


Néapolis

Simple Minds

Leaving their Scottish studios, Wee Bonnie, behind for what Jim Kerr calls their "road album." *Simple Minds* travelled to London, Amsterdam, Dublin and Paris for the recording of *Néapolis*.

There has always been more than a passing comparison made between *Simple Minds* and their Irish counterparts U2. There is no real departure on *Néapolis*. Just like U2's *Pop*, *Néapolis* is *Simple Minds*' effort to justify their early 80s stadium rock with the sophisticated electronic sounds of the late 90s. Inspired by some of the remixes cut from their last album, *Good News From The Next World*, they have employed the services of Britain's Digital Underground. Standout tracks include "Killing Andy Warhol", "War Babies" and the first single,



"Glitterball".

Because of a refusal by EMI America to release the album in the United States, *Simple Minds*' prospects of touring with this album and making any real money seems to depend largely on promotion and sales in Australia. Lack of support from Virgin Music is what Jim Kerr blames for not touring here for the last two albums. Stadium-filled concerts are what *Simple Minds* love (another U2 similarity?), but then, you could hardly call their musical style intimate.

Néapolis is electronically influenced, but the sound is still big. The exception and obvious casualty of their journey into electronica is the closing track, "Androgyny"; possibly an attempt at a tribute to their early influence, 70s German electronic instrumentalists, Kraftwerk. My advice to *Simple Minds*: imitate a long-dead band and you could end up the same way.

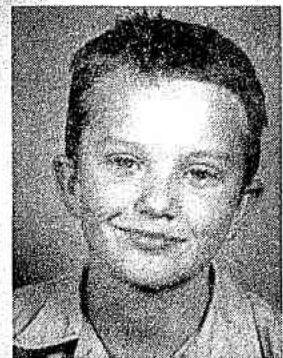
—Mark-Leon Thorne

What I'm hearing



Francis and Julia
Favourite: Spice, Spice Girls
Listening: Spice, Spice Girls

Dominic
Favourite: Seargent Peppers,
The Beatles
Listening: Spice, Spice Girls

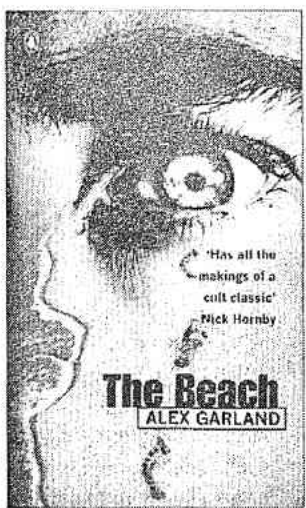
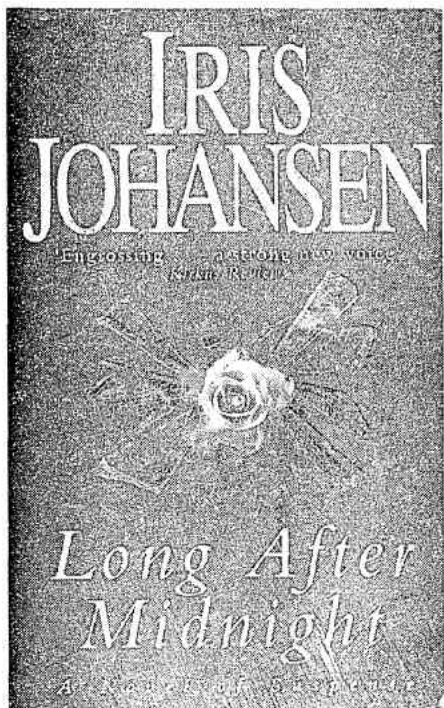


Rosie
Favourite: Spice, Spice Girls
Listening: Aladdin Soundtrack

Michael
Favourite: Spice, Spice Girls
Listening: Best of Frank Sinatra



books



★★★★★
The Beach
 Alex Garland

The Beach describes a group of Western tourists living on a secret beach (surprise!) located in a marine park off Thailand. Unlike other backpacker destinations, it is rumoured to be free from developers, and is something of a myth for travellers in the region. The narrative is from the point of view of Richard, a Vietnam War fixated Briton. A recent arrival at the beach, Richard retrospectively describes his progressive mental breakdown brought on by the similarity of his surroundings to his Vietnam fantasies. At the same time, the island community collapses due to the usual nasty human behaviour patterns. It's sort of like *Lord of the Flies*, but with more drugs.

One of the biggest risks in this type of story is that of stretching credibility too far, which Garland has a tendency to do. For instance, to suggest that the sort of setup proposed could have lasted as long as it did without medical support seems a little outrageous, and there was no mention of either contraception or of unwanted offspring. On the other hand, the gradual decay from island paradise to paranoid dictatorship makes for a compelling tale, and the pace is brisk enough to keep readers hooked.

—Arthur Gretton

★★★★★
Long After Midnight
 Iris Johansen

Have you ever had your fingernails ripped out lone-by-one? Perhaps you've had your head rammed into a bucket of vomit? Or maybe endured Happy Hour at Pandora's with some chamber-shirted Young Liberal rubbing his crotch up and down your leg in the hope that you'll throw caution (and taste) to the wind and spend the night with him?

If not, I recommend each of the above before venturing into the wretched, cliché-ridden pages of "Long After Midnight". With the "Midday with Kerri-Anne" viewer in mind, author Iris Johansen has created a cast of characters brimming with about as much personality as a tub of lard. The heroine Dr Kate Denby, with a face that is "an odd combination of strength and vulnerability" [maybe she needs plastic surgery], is a brilliant geneticist. She is also a single mother lumbered with a sparrowfart son who, like all 9 year old American boys, is "perceptive and bright and totally lovable." Indeed, Dr Kate has it all — career, family, home furnished by Freedom Furniture — except, of course, a MAN to unleash her desires and give her a good pounding.

★★★
Kiss This: Punk in the Present Tense.
 Gina Arnold

The back of this book promises the exposé of the undoing of punk as an "art." To its credit, the book does succeed in examining the way punk has been popularised and commodified. Gina Arnold almost seems to burst into tears at times while describing how record companies are making money from the success of bands like Green Day and Rancid. While more "kids" than ever can appreciate punk, Arnold mourns the loss of the "art" of punk, and its use to promote carbonated beverages, suede shoes and non-motorised four-wheeled transport.

Arnold's approach to examining punk in the modern context is flawed in a number of ways. A fundamental element of punk is that it is a form of music that does not take itself seriously. Conversely, Arnold takes punk too seriously. While the regular punter may appreciate punk for its ability to be noisy, crude and good to drink beer to, Arnold views punk with almost religious awe.

Her perspective is also flawed in that she ignores the cyclical nature of the music industry. For Gina Arnold, the pinnacle of punk occurred in 1978, when she was a pimply teenager, and saw the Sex Pistols perform in America. Although she does not state it explicitly, the current resurgence of punk is almost blasphemous in her view. And so should be mourned the resurgence of 70's funk in the early nineties, and the current popularity of 80's music. Imagine how shocked she will be when glam rock becomes cool again.

Punk, according to Arnold, should be heard by the few and played by even fewer. This elitist attitude seems to conflict with the egalitarian view of punk which rules in Australia: the more the merrier. She writes that punk should not be played by every "kid" on every corner because this would devalue punk. This is quite erroneous considering it is a music form that can be played by any fool who knows three chords and the "truth". As for small audiences being better, any Canberra punk band can recall gigs where they can name every member of the audience, and count them on various bodily protrusions. Does this make the Canberra punk scene better than the overpopulated American scene? I think not.

—Sam Upritchard.

Not to worry though, for another brilliant geneticist (no room for mediocrity in Ms Johansen's literary world), Dr Noah Smith, has been harassing our Jane Seymour-clone with job offers. Rather than getting an Apprehended Violence Order against him, Dr Kate gets herself embroiled in some nonsense about a new-fangled aspirin that promises to eradicate diseases such as AIDS and cancer, though sadly not talentless authors like Ms Johansen. The pharmaceutical companies, narky at the prospect of losing profits, eschew traditional methods of commerce opting instead to bomb, shoot and strangle their way to market dominance. They are ably assisted by a psychotic hitman who — and God forbid any suggestion of racism — just happens to be half-Arabic and half-Native American. A riveting plot you might say, though I very much doubt it. Now all we need is the sexual tension, which Ms Johansen happily supplies in a form reminiscent of the 5 minute romances usually found in *Woman's Day* or *New Idea*. Our heroine falls first for Dr Smith and later, when he selfishly gets himself killed, for his army buddy Seth. Seth, so Ms Johansen tells us, is "very male... and masculine" (important attributes for any penis-equipped person I suppose) and causes Dr Kate to respond in a way that is "sharp, intense, almost animalistic." Like a rutting stag perhaps? Needless to say, Dr Kate and Seth engage in copious rumpy-pumpy in between avoiding assassin's bullets and developing their aspirin.

"Long After Midnight" describes itself as a novel of suspense. Personally, I think you're more likely to encounter mystery and intrigue by spending Sunday afternoon squeezing blackheads. Don't read this book. Give it to someone you really hate. Better still, soak it in petrol, set it alight and hurl it at the police the next time you participate in a riot.

—Andrew Taylor

What I'm reading



Joe
 Favourite: *Hills Like White Elephants*, Hemmingway
 Reading: *War and Peace*, Tolstoy



★★★
The Princessa — Machiavelli for Women
 Harriet Rubin

This book is for anyone who wants to be a feminist but doesn't want to sacrifice her femininity. It is inspirational and is perhaps a product of a backlash in feminism.

The Sunday Times quoted Rubin's writing as powerful without aping men or using their rules. This reviewer agrees and finds that Harriet Rubin has incorporated just the right quantities of what is cheesily known today as 'Grrl Power' whilst keeping a certain dignity. She doesn't subscribe to the point of view that power is calling yourself a 'bitch' and I doubt the catch phrase 'all men are bastards' would have much baring on her philosophies.

Rubin's book is full of wise and witty strategies. For women; her message in all is settle for nothing less than greatness. She has several chapters discussing how useful emotion can be. She does this without compromising feminism's aim to stop the word being exclusively associated with all things womanly. Emotion is not a dirty word but rather it is a "subtle weapon" when combined with her "strategies of war".

The Princessa is enjoyable and useful, which makes it unlike most other novels that attempt to empower woman. I'm sure that anyone, male or female, that reads this book will find her strategies and philosophies useful. Without a doubt my favourite strategy was "how to be brilliantly disruptive."

—Felicity P Mullens



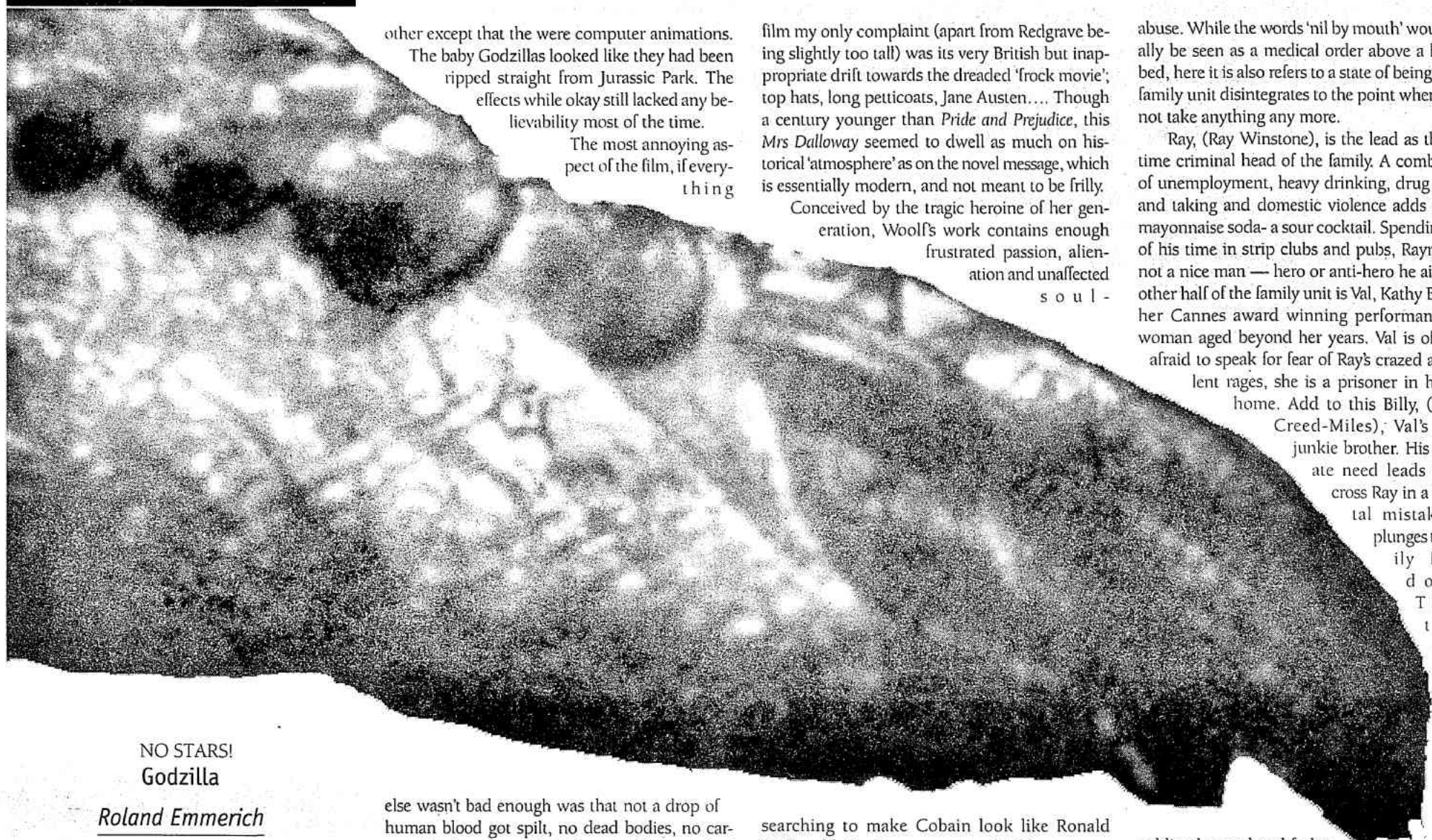
Leo
 Favourite: ACTION Bus Timetable
 Reading: SK8 2 CR8



Camilla
 Favourite: International Who's Who
 Reading: Some dumb book my mum recommended



Maria
 Favourite: *Naughty Emilia Jane*, Enid Blyton
 Reading: *Untamed Shrew: A Biography of Germaine Greer*, Christine Wallace



NO STARS!
Godzilla

Roland Emmerich

Well, what crap we are being fed by the high and mighty Hollywood! *Godzilla* is so bad it is hard to find enough adjectives to describe just how appalling it is. Of course you would expect nothing less from the makers of *Independence Day*.

Godzilla is not a movie, sure you might go to a theatre, buy some stale reheated popcorn, fight for a decent seat, sit down and watch images float across a screen. But that is as far as it goes for *Godzilla* as a film. Let's face it, *Godzilla* is merely a marketing exercise, if the number of spin off promotions is anything to go by.

The movie is full of plot holes, and I am being generous with the term 'plot'. Just to highlight the most glaring: the lizard has laid all its eggs in a stadium, the mighty heroes find the stadium by following the giant tunnels *Godzilla* has dug under the city. The heroes climb out of the giant hole in the middle of the pitch to be confronted by thousands of eggs which start hatching. They then run around the stadium shutting all the doors so the baby *Godzillas* can't get out... you guessed it, no mention of the huge hole in the middle of the pitch leading to the New York subway. Of course the silly babies don't find the huge hole and try to kick the doors down before the stadium blows.

I could go on and on with holes but there is just so much more to bag. Script? Huh? Who needs a script when you spend that much on special effects? Story, yeah it had one of those, big lizard smashes up city and the heroes win in the end. The human characters receive no development at all, they are two dimensional, stereotypical and frankly boring. They have the compulsory ex-love interest which turns out good in the end; the supposed cool hero from the French foreign service; your geeky scientist, the military buffoons, the Mayor only interested in getting re-elected. And just to top it all of the grating Bronx girl made good with hubby camera man.

The film has heaps of special effects. *Godzilla* does look alright tramping around the city. The military effects were basic, with helicopters whizzing all over the joint and I swear hitting each

other except that the were computer animations. The baby *Godzillas* looked like they had been ripped straight from *Jurassic Park*. The effects while okay still lacked any believability most of the time.

The most annoying aspect of the film, if everything

film my only complaint (apart from Redgrave being slightly too tall) was its very British but inappropriate drift towards the dreaded 'frock movie'; top hats, long petticoats, Jane Austen... Though a century younger than *Pride and Prejudice*, this *Mrs Dalloway* seemed to dwell as much on historical 'atmosphere' as on the novel message, which is essentially modern, and not meant to be frilly.

Conceived by the tragic heroine of her generation, Woolf's work contains enough frustrated passion, alienation and unaffected

soul-

abuse. While the words 'nil by mouth' would usually be seen as a medical order above a hospital bed, here it is also refers to a state of being when a family unit disintegrates to the point when it cannot take anything any more.

Ray, (Ray Winstone), is the lead as the part-time criminal head of the family. A combination of unemployment, heavy drinking, drug dealing and taking and domestic violence adds up to a mayonnaise soda- a sour cocktail. Spending most of his time in strip clubs and pubs, Raymond is not a nice man — hero or anti-hero he ain't. The other half of the family unit is Val, Kathy Burke in her Cannes award winning performance as a woman aged beyond her years. Val is often too afraid to speak for fear of Ray's crazed and violent rages, she is a prisoner in her own home. Add to this Billy, (Charlie Creed-Miles); Val's young junkie brother. His desperate need leads him to

cross Ray in a near fatal mistake that plunges the family further down.

These three characters are

else wasn't bad enough was that not a drop of human blood got spilt, no dead bodies, no carnage in the streets. *Godzilla* tramples a packed New York street and no one is shown to get hurt... yeah that's believable!

This film was crud, it was a monumental waste of money and I strongly urge you to not waste your money seeing it.

—James Connor



Mrs Dalloway
Marlene Gorris

In going to see Marlene Gorris' screen adaptation of *Mrs Dalloway*, a novel by Virginia Woolf, I was a little apprehensive. Fans of her work often have a strange, intensely possessive relationship with her novels, and since this is most definitely my favourite of all time, I'm afraid I'm no exception. Hoping for a masterpiece, I was at the same time convinced that this book could have no cinematic equal, and was ready to be outraged at even the slightest betrayal of the original plot.

The plot is, at best, fascinatingly unconventional, and at worst, non-existent. Following an ordinary day in the life of wealthy, middle-aged Clarissa Dalloway in 1920's London, the film is continually drifting between her present, her private past and her reflections on love, personal identity, and the costs of the passage of time. In such a demanding and complicated role, Vanessa Redgrave is, as usual, completely dazzling. Her elegance, her husky, mysterious voice and face capable of such subtle expressiveness, suggest much of what can not be trapped in dialogue but is essential to the power of Woolf's character. Rupert Graves, too, as the shell-shocked and suicidal Septimus Warren Smith, is brilliant and utterly heart-rending. His story weaves unexplained through that of *Mrs Dalloway*, hardly touching it, but making Redgrave's final 'moment of realisation' scene indescribably profound.

Though I said I was picky, by the end of the

searching to make Cobain look like Ronald McDonald. Don't say you weren't told.

—Lucie O'Brien



nil by mouth
Gary Oldman

The usually brilliant, though now self-confessed type cast actor, Gary Oldman, has made a stunning debut feature. Dedicated to his father and unashamably semi-autobiographical, *nil by mouth* is a gritty portrait of a London working class family fracturing under the stress of alcohol and drug

sublimely acted and futher crafted by Oldman's direction.

While clinical analysis would label and even dismiss this family as dysfunctional, Oldman's first hand experience has forced him to delve deeper. In doing so Oldman has created reflections of himself and his own father in the character of Ray and so exorcised some of his own demons.

This dark neo-realist portrayal of unloving and abusive relationships in unforgiving circumstances hits hard on the audience with no apologies. The fast moving and quick changing photography, however, often blurs the line between fiction and documentary. While sometimes annoying and frustrating, it is not totally out of place due to the semi-autobiographical nature of this film — a fine debut from Oldman.

—Thom Stipe



heads, heads; neads, heads

what's on

CHANGES TO SOCIAL SECURITY AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS ARE BEING FELT DIRECTLY BY WOMEN — AS STUDENTS, PARENTS AND INDIVIDUALS. WE HOPE THAT THE RANGE OF ACTIVITIES OFFERED, WHILE BOTH CELEBRATING WOMEN IN EDUCATION AND EQUIPPING YOU WITH SOME EXPERIENCES AND KNOWLEDGE TO ASSIST YOU TO TAKE A STRONG, PROUD PLACE IN PUBLIC LIFE, WILL ALSO BE FUN!

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY UNION

1998 ELECTION OF UNION BOARD OF DIRECTORS

THREE (3) ORDINARY MEMBERS
(2 YEAR TERM)

ONE (1) ORDINARY MEMBER
(1 YEAR TERM)

ONE (1) MEMBER
(from currently enrolled Postgraduate Students or Academic Staff of the University)
(1 YEAR TERM)

As the appointed Returning Officer I have been asked to conduct elections for Three (3) members, a special election for One (1) member and for One (1) member (from currently enrolled Postgraduate Students or Academic Staff of the University) on the Union Board of Directors. Separate nomination forms must be used.

Nominations:

- must be made on the prescribed form available from the General Manager of the Union;
- shall be signed by at least two (2) members of the Union, eligible to vote at election;
- shall contain a written statement of the nominee's willingness to act and also participate in induction activities, if elected, and
- provide two (2) passport size photographs of the nominee.

Nominations from individuals: are invited from eligible members and shall be lodged at the office of the General Manager of the Union, or posted to the Union, ANU, ACT 0200, so as to reach me by 12.30pm on Tuesday, 4 August 1998. Nominations may only be withdrawn by giving notice at least 72 hours before the close of nominations.

Group tickets: candidates forming a particular group or seeking election as independents shall register this intention on a form prescribed by the Board and available from the General Manager. This form must contain signatures of all relevant candidates and indicate the order in which the group wishes to place its candidates on the ballot paper. This form must reach the General Manager by 12.30pm on Friday, 7 August 1998.

Persons eligible to be nominated are annual, life and honorary life members of the Union. Every person who, at the close of nominations, is an annual, life or honorary life member of the Union is eligible to vote at the election.

Should a ballot be necessary, polling will take place from Monday, 24 August 1998 to Thursday, 27 August 1998 inclusive, 10.00 am to 6.00 pm at the Union Building.

All enquiries concerning the election should be directed to the Union Office on (02) 6249 2446.

CHRIS BURGESS
Returning Officer

21 July 1998



LISTED BELOW ARE THE MAJOR EVENTS OF BLUE STOCKING WEEK. COME ALONG, TAKE PART IN ONE OR ALL EVENTS. THIS IS OUR WEEK TO TAKE STOCK, PARTY AND BUILD ON THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE WOMEN BEFORE US.

Monday 27 July
Eve Was Framed
An evening of women's performance, song and spoken word.
Women's Open Mic Night
Happy Hour
Men Welcome
Gold Coin Entry
Club Asmara 8pm->
Free Self Defence Course: "Clued Up and Confident"
The beginning of a 6 week course
Women Only
4pm - 6pm. Room yet to be confirmed*
Sponsored by YWCA

Tuesday 28 July
Egyptian Belly Dancing
The beginning of an 8 week course
Green Room Sports Union 12.30 - 2.00pm
\$45 - includes membership in Egyptian Dancing Club and Women's Office subsidy

Thursday 30 July
Dance Party
A night of dancing and carrying on till the wee hours with Women DJs.
Egyptian Belly Dancing
The second course of this wonderful dance form
5.30pm - 7.30pm. Room yet to be confirmed

Friday 31 July
Free Financial Management Seminar
Afternoon tea with financial tips and advice on:
avoiding STD's, budgeting on low incomes and managing credit
2.30pm - 4.30pm. Room yet to be confirmed

The Women's Office will have a stall in union courtyard the week before and during Blue Stocking Week if you want to register or get more information on these and other celebrations. Sample Bags, women's handbooks and information about many women's matters will also be available. Alternatively, you can contact:
Jo Purcell, Women's Law Society 6247 8963
Tess, Women on Campus
Kate, Women's Officer 6279 8514
for more information or to register.
Or even email will work wolfkeeng@hotmail.com
* many rooms not yet confirmed as at time of print rooms for lectures were still to be confirmed.

HERE TO PLAY HERE TO STAY

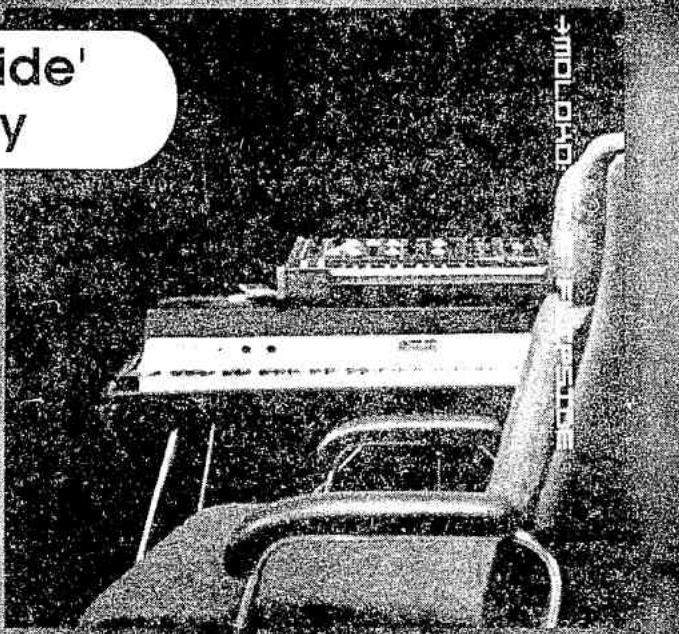
CD LAUNCHES AT HEAVEN

STEPS
Last Thing On My Mind



Steps 'Last Thing On My Mind'
Saturday 11th July

Moloko 'The Flipside'
Saturday 25th July



Michelle Ross 'Rescue Me'
Saturday 18th July



MUSHROOM 25

HEAVEN

YOUR ANU SPORTS UNION

POSTURE & FLEXIBILITY COURSES

- Can't touch your partners toes?
- Need to overcome neck & back pain?
- Having trouble playing "twister"?

YOU NEED MORE FLEXIBILITY!

Join the best stretching classes in Canberra. Designed and run by Kit Laughlin the author of the bestseller *Overcome neck & back pain*, doing one class a week is the perfect complement to any exercise program.

The many benefits of correct stretching are well known, but the most important reason is often never mentioned: stretching just feels great to do and makes you feel wonderful.

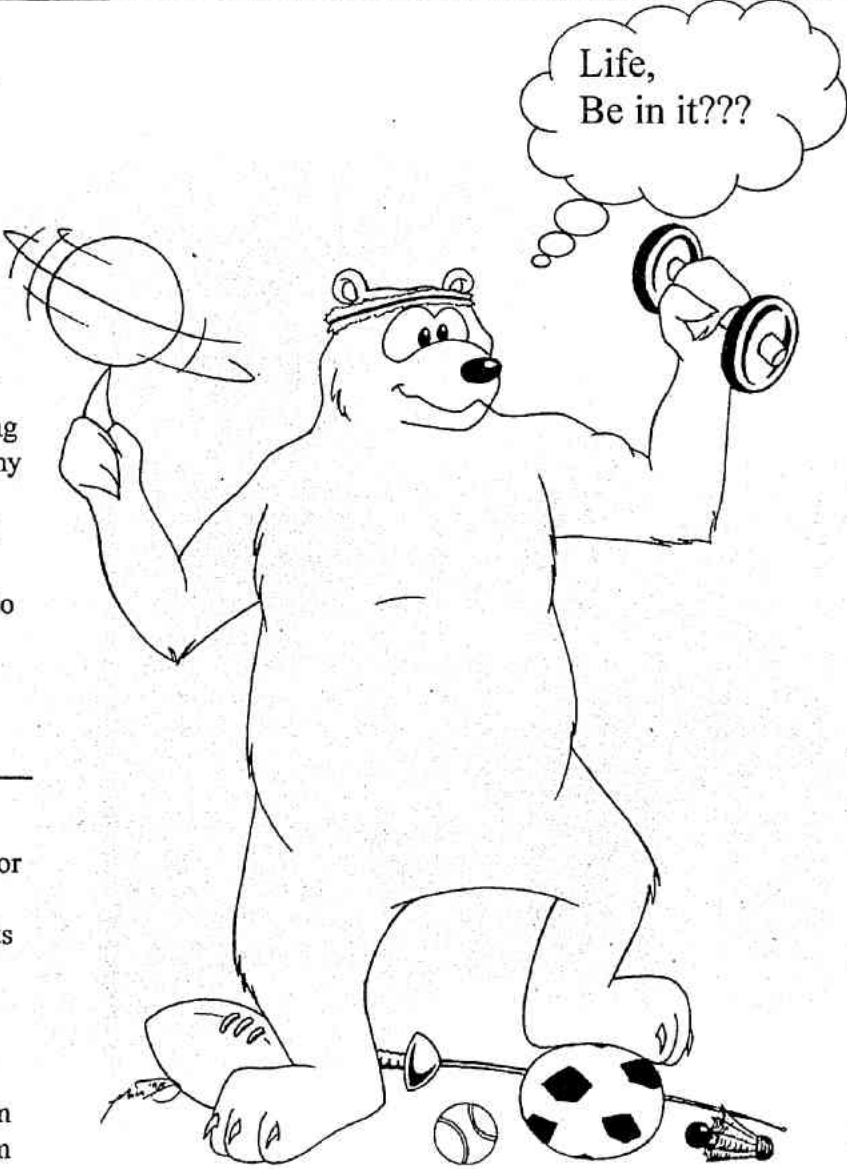
ENROLMENTS ARE ON NOW AT THE SPORTS UNION. JUST COME ON DOWN!

SPORTS STORE

- Need to update those old Dunlop Volleys or Adidas Romes?
- Or just want a "quick" chat with our Sports gear Guru - Gaz.

CHEAPEST PRICES IN TOWN.
5% STUDENT DISCOUNT UPON PRESENTATION OF STUDENT CARD.

Opening Hours; Mon - Fri 10.00 am - 6.30 pm
Sat 10.00 am - 3.00 pm



AEROBICS

- Haven't had any luck at the bin lately?
- Need to burn off four days of alcoholic abuse?

COME AND TRY SOME OF OUR NEW-CLASSES INCLUDING: FATBURNER, BARS, STEP AND HILO.

SPORT & RECREATION PROGRAM

WE OFFER MORE COURSES THAN THE PGA GOLF TOUR. CHOOSE FROM COURSES INCLUDING: YOGA, FENCING, SKIING, SCUBA DIVING AND MANY, MANY MORE (BUT NO GOLF!) ENROLMENTS ARE ON NOW AT THE SPORTS UNION.

MASSAGE SERVICE

- Still uptight after the departure of Ginger Spice?
- Has Viagra left you both sore and sorry?

OUR MASSAGE THERAPIST PHIL HENDERSON CAN FIX IT ALL WITH A COMPLETE SPORTS MASSAGE. Contact Sports Union Reception for a booking, phone 62492273.

ALL STUDENTS ARE MEMBERS OF THE SPORTS UNION. COME AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR SPORTS UNION

In terms of price, accessibility and adventure, southeast Asia is by far the best place to go for a student holiday. This issue *Woroni* explores the ins and outs of why you should make every effort to give the place a visit before you get too old and decrepit and want to spend your holidays at a caravan park.

Southeast Asia. The images it evokes are many different things to many different people. To Pauline Hanson (see, you can't get away from her even in a travel article) it represents an evil menace that should be done away with. To the ANU it represents a handy source of income from foreign students. To Paul Keating it is our saviour. To you and me it simply equates to a damn good place to go for a holiday.

their experiences beyond Canberra and the ANU without having to bankrupt themselves.

So why, apart from the cost, is Asia such a legendary destination? First of all, it's different. When you come from a continent that houses only one nation and 18 million people, and where the culture and social life are pretty much similar throughout, this is a salient point. It isn't until most people have visited another country, apart from New Zealand or Britain, that they realise how

homogenous Australia is. Asia is so damn distinct to Australia that it is hard not to be shaken from your traditional ideas on how things work and wind up after your first few days say-

ing "Holy shit, what

the big kahuna of actually visiting the places and experiencing first hand what goes on. A Thai curry takes on epic proportions when you're eating it on a tiny little boat chugging through the middle of a floating market on a stinking (literally) hot day, with hundreds of people within spitting distance ramming their boats into one another and screaming in a language you don't understand.

Travelling in Asia certainly isn't a holiday. (Unless you spend it lying on a Balinese beach that is). Hot weather, slow and uncomfortable trains, the sheer unfamiliarity of the places you're going and the people hassling you to buy their crappy wares or visit their store aren't conducive to a relaxing time. Chaos, traffic and pollution can make arriving in Bangkok or Jakarta an intimidating experience.

But compared to a holiday in Tasmania or down the coast, it is definitely rewarding. Experiencing the difference that southeast Asia has to offer opens your eyes to the world in a way that leaves a lasting impression. When arriving back in Australia it is hard not to be stung by the mass consumerism and lavish western lifestyles after seeing families heading down to the rubbish tip to scrounge for dinner. Similarly, after seeing a tiger roaming wild in the jungle, it is difficult not to be annoyed that the next generation will most likely only get to see them in cages.

Although planning a trip to southeast Asia (or anywhere else overseas) probably seems like too much hard work, it is all pretty straightforward. Apart from your passport, which is pretty painless for most people, the main thing to organise is your ticket. The best way to cut through the maze of ticket prices is to go to four or five travel agents, and then pick the cheapest and get them to book your fare.

On the other hand, STA Travel has Red Hot Chilli Fares. Through STA's cosy arrangement with airlines, they are able to offer heavily discounted fares, specifically for students, to most popular southeast Asian cities. These tickets are almost half the full adult fare, and without wanting to sound too much like a stooge for STA, bitter financial catastrophe on my part can bear witness that these guys are the people to deal with.

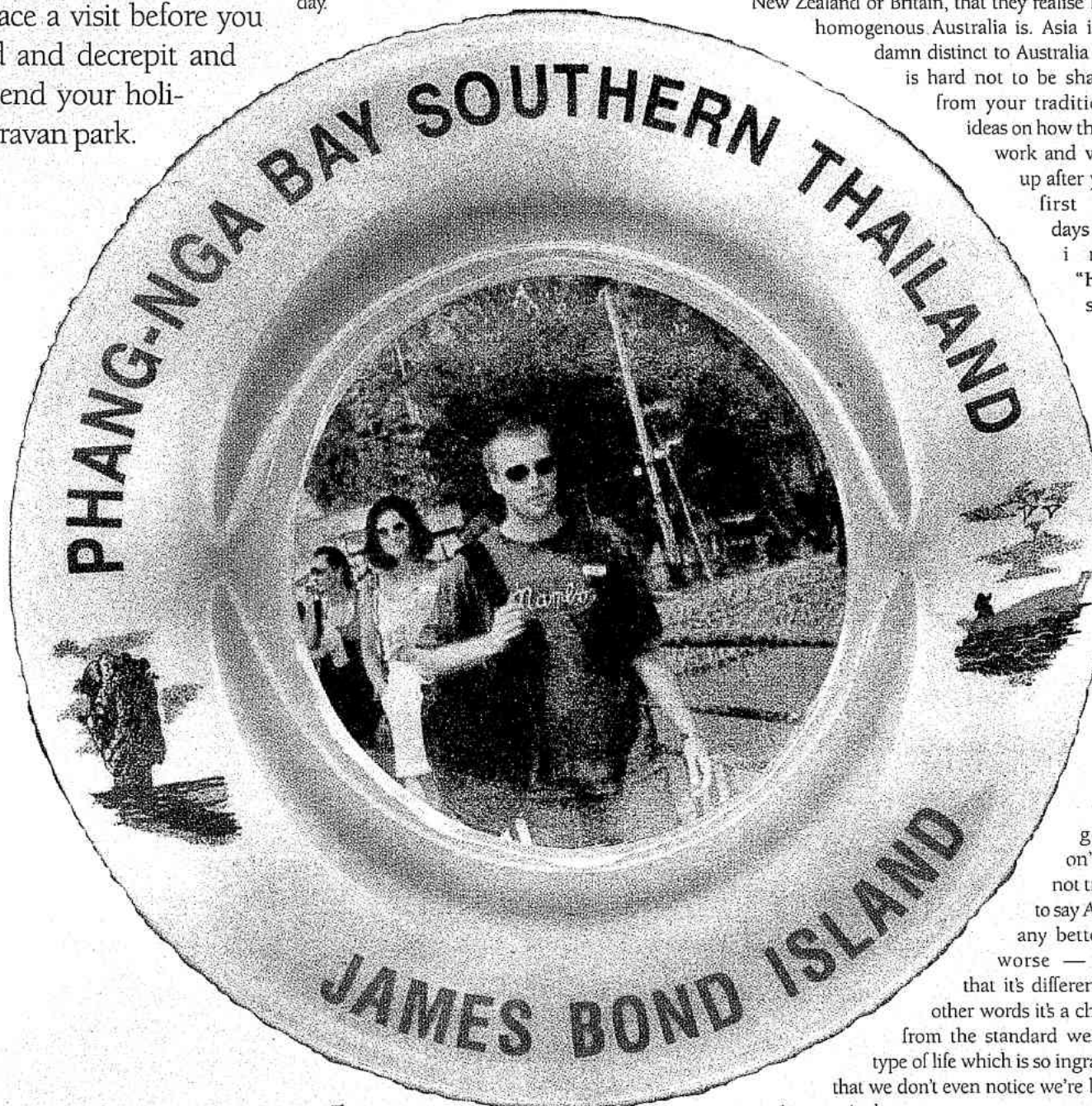
Picking where to go and what to do in southeast Asia is the hardest bit of actually going there. Secluded tropical islands and beaches, legend surfing spots, pumping cities, huge temples, exotic cuisines, jungles, tigers, elephants, monkeys... take your pick.

As far as I'm concerned, south-east Asia is so close and so cheap, that going there and experiencing what other countries have to offer is a virtual necessity.

My only advice is "just go there".

Barry Goodchild

getting out there



The large distances and exorbitant costs of getting to and traveling around (try \$11 for a beer in Paris on for size) make Europe an option only for those with cashed up parents or a dodgy student loan. This makes Asia the only viable option for students who would like to spread

in a particular way.

Visiting Asia opens up a whole new array of cultures, language, lifestyles, foods, clothes, attitudes, history, politics and smells that is impossible to experience in Australia. Although a visit to Chinatown or a Vietnamese restaurant may enlighten you somewhat, it doesn't compare to

the hell's going on". I'm not trying to say Asia is any better or worse — just that it's different. In other words it's a change from the standard western type of life which is so ingrained that we don't even notice we're living

& dealing with being stuck here

frolickin'

PJ O'Reilly's

This issue of *Woroni* would like to inform students of the opening of a new pub in Civic. For too long Canberrans' have lacked a quality place in which to enjoy the delights of Irish beer. PJ O'Reilly's opened conveniently just at the end of exam period, on the site of the old CES. So full of post-exam vigour, *Woroni* ventured out to test drive what it has to offer.

Lickin' my lips I was. Virtually salivating. My friends were saying "calm down, we'll be there soon". But the thought of pint after pint of Irish beer was just too much — I couldn't wait. Yes folks, I was keen. A refined atmosphere and lots of exotic Irish alcohol: Guinness, Kilkenny, Caffrey's etc — what a ripper.

But is the average student allowed to sample this fine establishment? No fucking way. After turning up the day after its grand opening, with my wallet full and ride home guaranteed, the evil sod on the door refused to let me in. "Sorry sir, I can't let you enter". "Why not". "Sir, you are not dressed accordingly". Hmmm. What sort of pub has a stocky behemoth screening who can and can't enter. Extensive *Woroni* research has found PJ O'Reilly's to be the first pub in the world to enforce a dress code. For students, this is a particular problem. Unless you have a Boss suit and want to act like a sycophantic wanker to the git on the door, take you and your mates elsewhere. It sux.

food

Pizza

Pizza; the cornerstone of any student's diet. With cooking more hassle than its worth, and the cupboard invariably bare, dial-a-pizza is the only food to turn to — especially when you couldn't be bothered going further than the phone. So here is an encompassing guide to home delivered pizzas in Canberra. **Pizza Hut** (phone 13 11 66) are the biggest pizza chain on earth, but not the best. For \$16.95 you get two large delivered, but this only includes their standard range of pizzas, which are very crappy. To get a decent pizza you need to pay extra. The supreme range is an extra \$1, Bellissimo \$2 and stuffed crust another \$2, which is all a bit of a con. **Dominos** (131 888) will de-

liver two large for \$16.95, with the Edge pizzas, where "the topping goes all the way to the edge" costing \$1 extra. *Woroni* reckons it isn't worth bothering with the Edge, because Dominos make pretty scummy pizzas. **Pizza Haven** (131 241) costs \$17.95 for two large, or \$19.95 for two large and two pasta side dishes. This is more expensive than the others but you get what you pay for, and the extra dollar gets you heaps better pizzas. **Eagle Boys** (131 433) deliver two large for \$15.95. Cheap and nasty you think? No way. Eagle Boys make good pizzas, and gets the *Woroni* thumbs up for making the best home delivered pizzas in Canberra.

Most people **think** they know

how to **run** the **country**...



some help **do** it!

If you are a person who can **help do it**, we are looking for creative and innovative graduates to join our graduate program.

The Department of Employment, Education, Training and Youth Affairs (DEETYA) employs a number of such graduates each year. DEETYA offers a diverse range of graduate employment opportunities to help you continually develop new skills and enjoy new challenges with rewarding work.

We are looking to recruit **at least 30** people with qualifications from a wide range of academic disciplines to help us acquire the skills we need into the future. If you are finishing your degree this year, or are a recent graduate, we would like to talk to you about what we can offer. Graduates, or people in their final year, who have attained a qualifying result in the Public Sector Recruitment Test and Questionnaire are eligible to apply for DEETYA graduate positions.

Your benefits package as a DEETYA graduate could include:

- salary and advancement arrangements;
- structured training and development, including tailored work placement programs;
- ongoing career opportunities;
- flexible working conditions; and
- generous super provisions.

Recruitment Services Australia will advise all applicants whether they have attained a qualifying result in the Public Sector Recruitment Test and Questionnaire.

For more information, contact one of our graduate recruitment officers on (02) 6240 8256 or (02) 6240 9004. Your careers counsellor on campus also has information on career opportunities with DEETYA.

DEETYA is on-line: <http://www.deetya.gov.au>

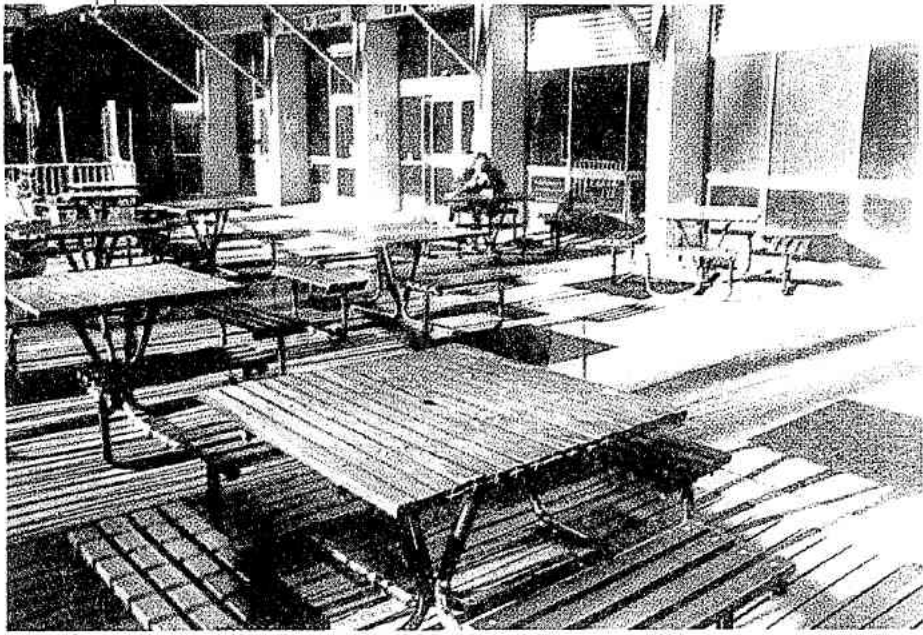
Information for graduates is at <http://www.deetya.gov.au/recruitment/graduate>



DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT, EDUCATION,
TRAINING AND YOUTH AFFAIRS

paparazzi paparazzi

This month *Paparazzi, Paparazzi* records all the glamour that is the ANU when no one is here over the holiday period. Few know that thousands flock here for obscure conferences, dedicated lecturers beaver away and... not very much else happens.



(above) The holidays really sort out the hardcore Uni bar patron wheat from the fairweather friend chaff



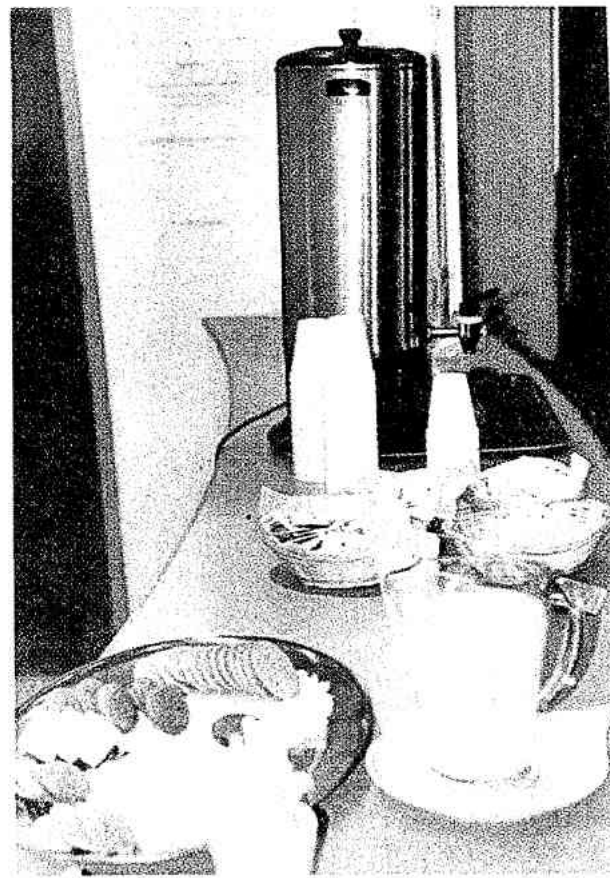
(above) As if we didn't have enough dorks. Now we're importing them from overseas



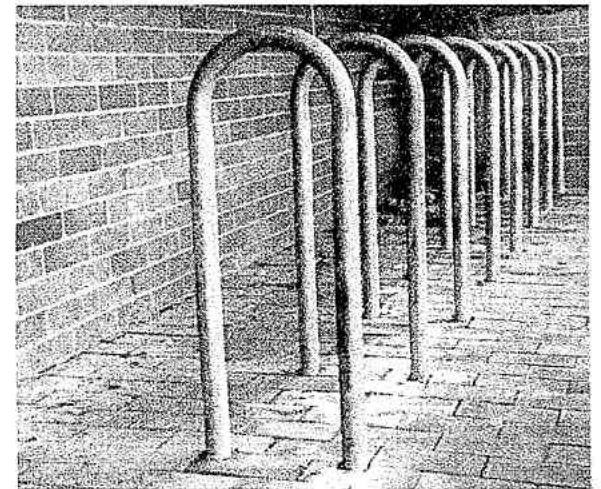
(above) The action hots up at the Acton supermarket



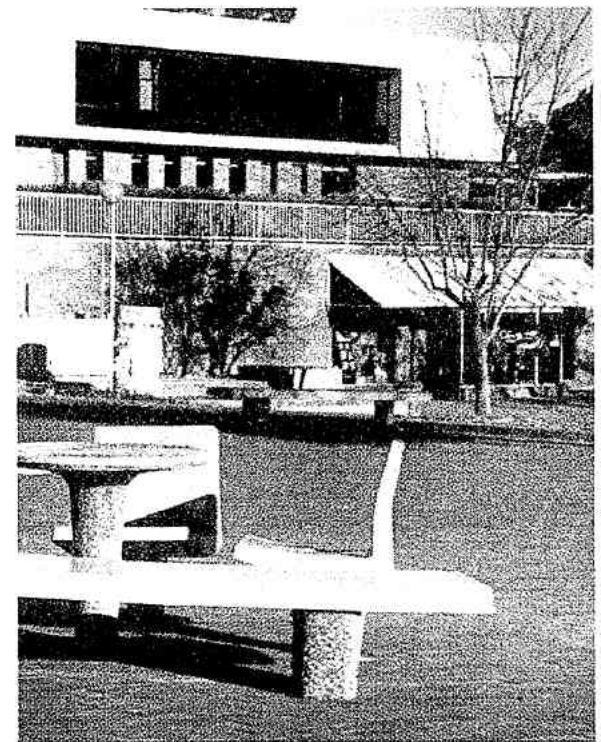
(above) This was but one of many fascinating conferences. This one was devoted of gnats - I kid thee not.



(above) All the glamour of a conference is evoked in the exciting half-time refreshments.

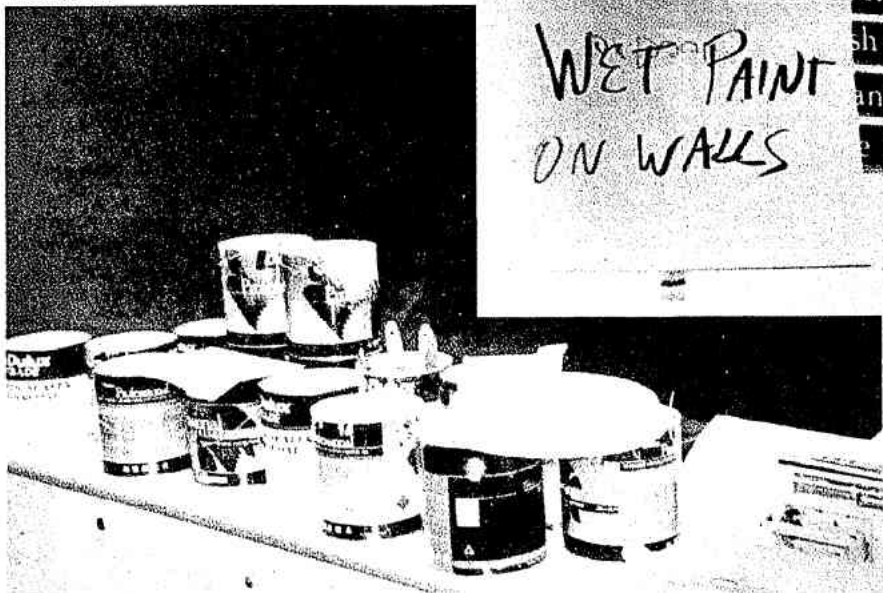


(above) Free bike racks exactly when you need them least.



(above) Union Court throbs with life.

Fuck staff what the Arts Department really needs is more paint!



(below) Carpet tiling is but one of the exciting activities on offer during the Winter break



footnotes

Blue Stocking Woman

As you should all know by now, if you've read this paper right through and not just looked at the pretty pictures, it's the Bluestocking week issue of *Woroni*. In honour of that fact this issue's interview is on the adventures of one woman's journey through the patriarchal jungle of academia. We talked to Gwen Grey, Political Science lecturer extraordinaire about her experiences.



What did you do before you were an academic?
Well, originally I wanted to be a journalist, but at that time when I had finished school my father did not think that was very appropriate choice, not a very nice career for a young woman to go into; it was too much of a man's profession with a tough image, you know — the hard drinking hard smoking journo.

So I studied nursing instead, I was a nurse for quite a few years.

So when did you first go to university?

It was when Gough Whitlam was Prime Minister and they brought in free tertiary education. That was a huge bonus for many women like me who hadn't been able to go to university. It really made it accessible to a great deal of women for the first time; we literally flocked there.

What was the reaction to you as a woman wanting to study?

Oh, a lot of people were very denigrating, some men used to call Macquarie University in Sydney the Ladies College because there were just so many women who had come to study there, they were just trying to put us down, but it was a great thing to be studying with other women who had the same sort of experiences and desires as you. I actually think some men were rather threatened by it.

I had to juggle a family and studying, actually I used to study on a desk that was specifically next to a potplant and when my husband came in I'd quickly hide my books in the pot and pretend to be doing something else. So it was quite a big thing for women to be studying at university in those days, it was quite hard.

Anyway I left my degree for awhile, went overseas and came back to the ANU to finish it off and I've been here ever since.

Have you encountered many barriers as a woman in academia at the ANU?

No, actually I've found the ANU, well my department at least to be very supportive of my work and myself. My male colleagues have encouraged me to do a PhD and given me lots of advice on getting work published. I've found that this university has been, in my experience, very open to women. But not everyone is that fortunate and many women still have a lot to contend with.

I think it has more to do with society as a whole changing, becoming more equal, not just what happens in a particular institution. Until there is a real shift in thinking in society, it is inevitable that women will still encounter problems in the workforce. For example women are still the primary caregivers, they do most of the housework even though they too have full time jobs like most men and until that equation changes and men take

on their fair share, women are always going to have a harder time.

What do you think are qualities that women need to succeed in academia?

It's hard to say that because everyone is different, there is no recipe, but I've found that I've had to be quite selfish about my work; not in a bad way but women are always supposed to put aside their own interests. So if you want to do this work you have to give yourself the time.

When you're teaching in class do you notice any difference in the men and women behave; are women more quiet for example?

Actually no, there does not appear to be a split like that according to gender. There are people who are quiet and shy and those who like to dominate the discussion but it is by no means confined to one particular sex. What is interesting though, I have noticed that when I've been in meetings or conferences with people who are of an older age, say in their late forties or so, they behave quite differently to the younger generation. The men do try to dominate and argue over both the women and other men and the women seem to be a bit more hesitant in coming forward. The men seem to have no idea about how to hold a discussion, or how to listen. But the younger generation, those

in my classes, seems to not have this problem; they treat each other equally, which is great.

Compared to when you were a student how do you feel the feminist movement is going?

Well I would say that I'm a bit disappointed in that women haven't achieved as much as quickly as one would have hoped. And there seems to be a kind of stigma attached to identifying yourself as a feminist for some women. The word has been hijacked by those who use it in a pejorative sense, as if you have to be a rabid man hater to be a feminist. I know some young women who do not like to describe themselves as feminists, but on the other hand they would also totally reject any idea that women were inferior to men, or did not deserve equal pay or anything that discriminated against them on the basis of their sex. So they are feminists really. Perhaps it is a sign that discrimination against women is disappearing, it's not an issue they encounter.

Detective James continues on his merry journey, learning more than he should about the uni bar and the I.N.O.Y.F.B. and just who is this mysterious Arts Degree ...

My", I said, and hastily downed my scotch. "That is interesting..."

Being a detective can be a tricky business, you know. Having people snigger when you say that you're a private dick is just the start of it. You live your life in the deep end and out on the edge, always prepared to sniff out a hot tip from a cold turkey, or at least take a photo of someone else doing it. You have to be a chameleon, a changing, and a mystery man; the kind of hard—drinking

smooth—talking scum—kicking compulsively—hyphenating guy that won't take no for an answer, even if you're too drunk to remember the question. Sometimes I think it's a mug's game, doing what I do, but then, just occasionally, you get a lead that smells as sweet as a rose in an abattoir full of rotting bowels.

This was what I had just gotten from the punk band Analingus Angus and the Felchers Grotesque. Sitting in the dank corner of the ANU Bar, where the very walls seemed to reek of sullen indifference, trying to ignore the sounds of shattering glass as my associate Dave Snot furiously hurled muddies at the Joker Poker, I had listened to Angus sing a song of desperation and intrigue to a six-eight beat. He'd told me that the local mafia, headed by Sleazy Joe Spaghetti, had recently lost a

consignment of diamonds in a spectacular double—cross out at the Mugga Lane Zoo. Amongst those diamonds was... The Big Sheep, Woolly Thumper, a diamond of such exquisite beauty that people had been known to fall to their knees and cry out in joy at the very sight of it (or at least fall to their knees and cry out when one of Sleazy Joe's goons planted a boot in their spine).

I pushed for more information. The band looked at each other warily and Burger Ring Sphincter, the bassist, spoke quickly. "Look man", he said, "it was stolen by government agents who worked for the I.N.O.Y.F.B., okay? Other than that", he said, writing down a number on the back of a petition instigated by law students arguing that TER *did* in fact equal intelligence, "you'll have to call this number. Ask for Justin Arts Degree".

I breathed in sharply. So, the It's-None-Of-Your-Fucking-Business Division of ASIO were in on this case, were they? I acted quickly, wrestling the phone from the dude trying to make a tourniquet out of the cord, and dialled the number. "Arts Degree?", I yelled down the phone. "I'm Leprosy James. I'm looking for the Big Sheep."

"Fuck", hissed a voice down the phone. "What do you know about the aliens?"

Bluff it, I thought. "Everything, man", I sneered. "I know everything! And right now I'm the last thing standing between you and an 'abduction' that'll take you six feet under to the planet of the decomposing maggot-eaten corpses".

"Shit", said Arts Degree. "Look, the line could

pulp

be tapped, or at least knocked around a bit. Meet me behind Dolly's in an hour. Come alone!", he said, and hung up. I dutifully masturbated by myself in the toilets and, pausing only to rescue Dave from the clutches of the video game he was playing called Kill Bastard Death Frenzy 5, left the bar as the band started up their next set with a song called "Groovy Kind of Felch".

An hour later I was crouched and ready for my meeting with Arts Degree. I'd just knocked out the very drunk Dave, who'd been ruining the tense atmosphere by cheerfully shouting "We've uncovered a top secret alien conspiracy, you bunch of pricks" to the Dolly's customers. Then I noticed a strange guy walking hurriedly towards me — who suddenly broke in to a run. Rushing up to me, he said, "Leprosy! You've got to run! It's too late! They've got... they've got Woolly Thumper! Aaaaargh!"

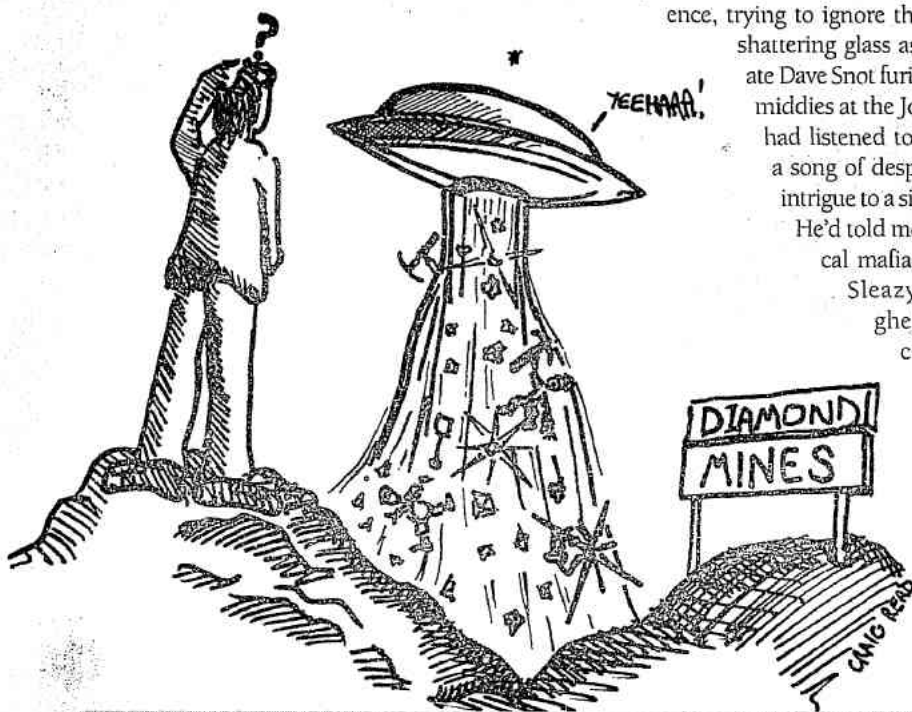
He fell to the ground, blood spurting from a hole in his chest like an overexcited blood sprinkler. I turned and ran for my very life... but before I left I had to ask one final question. Kneeling down beside him, I asked "Justin! Were you ever a graduate?"

Looking confused, he nodded yes.

"What did you do?"

"Oh", he said, realising what was coming, "Just an Ar—" But he was dead. And dead men tell no tales. I turned and ran for my life...

- Easter Sunday



last gasp

Fighting Fit

"You know how it is. You see these guys. I appear to have an almost disabling sensitivity to violence in other men, a fallout detector for those spots of waste or exorbitance that spill over into force. Like a canary in a cold war mine, I check out early when there is violence, when there is poison in the air. What is this propensity? Call it *fear*, if you like. *Fear* will do fine." (Martin Amis, *God's Dice*).

Oh, Jesus, I don't *knoooooow*... I've got friends going overseas, other friends are settling into serious jobs, degrees are finishing, One Nation's gaining power, ultra-conservatism is ruling the roost, things are well and truly falling apart and now there's columnists putting fucking quotes at the start of their columns... I mean just what the fuck is going on, really? I'm sorry, I know that everyone is feeling hopeful and positive and cool because it's the start of a new semester and things are going to be *different* this time: you're going to *really* achieve and *succeed* and finally fulfil that *potential* that has been suppressed for so long that it's practically leaking through your cerebral bowels; I know, I understand, and, quite honestly, I believe you, and I don't mean to rain on the parade but, well, I've been feeling a trifle ineffectual lately, a fraction insecure about my... well, my masculinity. Gender anxiety has reared its beautifully conditioned head and threatened to smash a schooner glass into my neuroses unless I take back what I said about its' mother.

Look, I'll be blunt. Fighting scares the *shit* out of me. I mean I know that, for God's sake, no one's

crazy about getting hit, but with me it just turns into full on spine chilling, cock — shrivelling paralysis at the first hint of confrontation. I must suffer from some sort of aggression deficiency or something, I think. I just can't get *in* to fighting. It's a peculiar mixture of apathy and cowardice; I've never wanted to really hit some one and I've *really* never wanted to be hit. And while it's lovely being the kind of totally non-threatening guy that girls can really relate to and, like, feel comfortable with, I'm afraid that the role of male defender has not been quite erased from our collective subconscious, and quite frankly you end up feeling a trifle emasculated when all you can do at the first hint of trouble is shit yourself and helpfully scream "Oh please sir for Christ's sakes don't hit us!!" Boy, you know that you're getting laid tonight when that happens; nothing quite as attractive as utterly spineless cowardice, is there?

Oh, but this is the thing, see: I know I'm not alone. Guys, I see you around campus (and it is, almost inevitably, students, the only people to whom an imbalance towards the intellectual over

the physical is an advantage); I recognise you, you fucking liars. Oh anyone can bluff and stroll coolly around the place sneering arrogantly around the bar like they own the place, sitting world — wearily outside Chifley sharing a cigarette; yeah, yeah, but deep down, you know that you're a nancyboy and that if push came to shove all that knowledge of Adam Smith's economic policies and Nietzsche's Superman theory would be about as useful and impressive as a fucking matchstick cement mixer,



and that consequently you'd get the shit beaten out of you and be exposed as the pathetic mass of chicken fat that you know yourself to be. (And, incidentally, feel even worse since according to Nietzsche's right-to-power theory you would have deserved it. Fucking German philosophers; always have to put the boot in.)

So, look, I'm calling for a change here. Seriously, this cannot go on. Sensitive new age types, you guys who have never been in a fight in your life, this is a call to arms. All we need, I've decided, is one good fucking punch; just to show us that it won't kill us, just to show us that, even if we lose, it's possible to *save* face, for Christ's sake. At least then we'd have the *choice* of non-violence; at the moment it's not a choice, it's a curse. And at least then, when you get seven types of shit beaten out of you, you'll

know that at least it's tough-as-nails *real man* shit... so come on! Let's step outside! Except that it is too cold, and it'll hurt too much, and in the end I just can't be bothered, and I mean the difference between uncool cowardice and cool apathy is in the eye of the beholder anyway, so fuck it; as long as you know where the back door is you can win any fight by a hundred metres anyway. Just make sure that your date can run as fast as you can.

- Easter Sunday

Next Issue

CENSORED

Next issue: You get to read nothing because the editor's relentless campaign to offend reaaaalllly starts to kick in.

Nef
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WOR

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